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BED FOR BEGINNERS

BED *for* BEGINNERS

BEING A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE
TO SCIENTIFIC SEDUCTION
IN EIGHT EASY LESSONS AND
21 ILLUSTRATIONS



By JACK HANLEY

Illustrations by
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

DON'T ask me why, but all books must have a preface. All important books, that is, and the writer cannot conceive of any subject upon which more sound Institutions are rooted than seduction. Or we might just leave it that the writer cannot conceive.

Writing a preface is nice, clean work and the only disadvantage to it is that you have to write a book to go with it. It is the only time a writer can let his hair down and say what he thinks, because nobody ever reads a preface. Why then, you say, bother to write one? And the answer to that is that it's customary, and if you don't like our customs why don't you go back where you came from?

But speaking seriously for a moment, and only for a moment, have you ever stopped to think about seduction? Or, to carry things a step further, have you ever stopped to think? Seduction is a great Institution and personally

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I look forward to it to pull us out of the present morass of political and economic difficulties. And I look forward to it, I may add, with a great deal of pleasure.

Where would our country be without seduction? Think of the horrible emptiness of the national scene if seduction were completely extirpated from our lives. Newspapers would become nearly as dull as the *Times* with only Hitler and Mussolini to write about ; juries would go quietly mad of boredom ; ten thousand novelists and short-story writers would have to go to work for a living, or get on the dole, which is almost as difficult ; screen stars would be reduced to the extremity of being actresses, and actresses would fade and die without publicity ; office forces, reduced to exclusively male personnel, would make business deadly dull—besides precipitating an avalanche of semi-skilled blonde stenographers on a glutted market . . . but by this time you must get the idea unless you're stupid as hell.

Granting, then, that seduction is a basic part of our lives, what has been done about putting it on a sound, scientific basis? Our male youth is

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growing to adolescence and young manhood perfectly lousy with primal urges, natural curiosity and thirst for unexplored possibilities and what have we to offer them? That hokum about bees and butterflies has long since worn as thin as a husband's alibi; it just isn't going to satisfy them. And who wants to seduce a bee or butterfly, anyway, except maybe another bee or butterfly?

No, my friends, it won't do—it simply won't. A soldier has his manual of arms, a policeman has his book of regulations, and a sailor has a naked woman tattooed on his chest. But the young seducer has nothing but his natural instincts and a fine zeal for experiment which, if followed wholeheartedly, will probably land him in the cart. Hence—this book.

It is offered freely and simply in an effort to alleviate a grave situation . . . the rent *had* to be paid. May I add, also, that the writing involved a terrific amount of patient research as well as considerable wear and tear on the author, all of which is included in the modest price of this volume. At the end you will find a series of questions designed to test your accumulated

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knowledge. Write out the answers and mail to my Publishers. If you are among the first fifty-thousand winners you will receive a putty medal and permission to practice what you've learned on the first cheery-looking number you meet . . . from then on you're on your own !

J.H.

*SOME INTERESTING
ASPECTS OF SEDUCTION*



'Ssskck go with Oog to see his scratchings....'

L E S S O N

SOME INTERESTING ASPECTS OF SEDUCTION

*What is Seduction? Seduction in the Larger View ;
Seduction Among Primitive Folk ; Seduction
Among the Eskimos ; Seduction in History.*

BEFORE going seriously into the matter of seduction (French : *Seduction*) it may be well to assure yourself that you know what seduction means. We may as well start from scratch—or,

better still, start from Webster's Dictionary and stop to scratch later. Webster says :

SEDUCTION: se-dúk-shon, n. Act of seducing; allurement; the persuading of a female to surrender her chastity.

I thought that with that definition we could start even, but Webster leaves a great many loose ends lying around, and you know what *they* do to a carpet sweeper. *Act of Seducing* : That gets us nowhere. If you knew what seducing was, you wouldn't be looking up SEDUCTION. And you wouldn't be reading this book, you'd be out practicing.

Allurement we'll just skip lightly over, before I have to look that up. It would probably say "see seduction."

The persuading of a female to surrender her chastity leaves room for a lot of questions. According to Webster only females can be seduced, and while I will be frank and admit that our primary interest is, presumably, in females, how about all the *female* seductionists going around the country seducing ignorant men? Webster apparently ignores them. I personally choose to believe that Webster was

ignored by *them* and that this definition is his way of getting even. And pretty small of him it is, too, when you come to think of it.

And what, you say, leering suggestively, if the lady has no chastity to surrender? Well, wise guy, in that case she's obviously no lady and you can prepare for a perfectly delightful evening.

Directly beneath SEDUCTION is SEDULITY: *Unremitting industry ; diligence ; assiduity.*

And taking the two words together, I may add that the latter is a prime requisite to the former; also the former's daughter, who according to our folklore, had a habit of getting herself seduced by travelling salesmen. Or maybe it wasn't a habit. Judging by the vast literature on the subject it amounted to an obsession.



"....also the former's daughter...."

SEDUCTION IN THE LARGER VIEW :

Be that as it may, however, it is stressing the obvious to say that Seduction is Universal. Reduced to a simple statement it means that practically all males between the ages of sixteen and ninety fall into three classifications :

- (a) *Apprentices* : who look forward to seduction, eagerly.
- (b) *Students* : who are practicing seduction, zealously.
- (c) *Past Masters* : who look back on seduction, regretfully.

These groups are, of course, rough classifications.

There is also a group that falls into a *gentle* classification, but they wouldn't be interested in seduction.

The (a) Apprentices are too young and inexperienced for this book ; the (c) Past Masters have no use for it, and so it is with (b) Students of Seduction that we are concerned. In fact, sometimes we're downright alarmed—but we digress....

Seduction, history tells us, has always been a popular form of intellectual diversion, regardless of the era, people or climate. And when you think of the climate alone that some races have to put up with, you will realize that there is something basic about seduction. Let us consider, for example—

SEDUCTION AMONG PRIMITIVE FOLK :

A scientific argument raged for years between two prominent anthropologists as to whether or not seduction was practiced in the Paleolithic age : Prof. Josephus J. Crootz, D.C., C.C.C., Dd : Ll., of the Dutch Academy insisting that Paleolithic man's crude persuasion of the female could be by no manner of means considered seduction, with Dr. Amram Dagamnarantharash, A.B., B.S.A., Ph.O.O.E.Y., of the Delhi Chiropractic Institute holding that no matter what the method, the basic principle was the same. Matters were at an impasse for seven years until the two met in open debate between halves of a football match. Professor Crootz wound up his dissertation beautifully but forgot to set the alarm, so it failed to

go off, while Dr. Dagamnarantharash retaliated by sticking out his tongue and calling the Professor an old bore. Before more serious harm could result, the referee's whistle sounded (the referee was blowing it) and the argument was mislaid during an end run, while the two *savants* were mussed up.

Some years later, however, a left-handed archaeologist named Wallickonck unearthed a clay tablet near Ashtabula on which were lines of scratches which he set to work to translate. Being in no known language it proved no easy task and for three years he sought for the key. It turned out that his wife had hid it under the doormat, and a short time later he gave to science the following liberal translation :

Oog, son of Glug the mastodon tickler, son of Maak, son of a gun, did come in the second moon, full of moon, to try and moon about the woman, Ssskck. While Ssskck's husband, Phffft, was hunting the dinosaur, Oog made big eye at Ssskck. Ssskck go with Oog to see his scratchings on cave wall. Oog then laugh loud and say he have no scratchings, only itchings from

wildcat skin. Ssskck no go home ; Phffft find her in Oog's cave, kill Oog, take Ssskck to home cave. That is all. Please stand by.

Science was electrified by this discovery ; indeed, at least three scientists were positively illuminated. A dozen scientists had important findings and the three who were illuminated had the shakes. Just as arrangements were completed to install the tablet in the Metropolitan Museum with special lighting, the young son of Dr. Wallickonck's assistant, age seven (the son—not the assistant), pointed gleefully at the tablet, which was resting upon cotton wadding, and crowed :

“ See, Daddy....my tic-tac-toe ! ” A light burst upon one of the attending scholars and he hurriedly summoned several neighbourhood “ urchins ” who unanimously agreed that many games of tic-tac-toe had been scratched upon the tablet, one of the youths even remarking that “ whoever had the X's was good ! ”

Nothing much else happened, except that, remarking upon the hoax, Dr. Wallickonck made a fiery speech in which he said that the whole affair was a “ tissue and fabric of lies ; a

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base plot of my enemies designed to 'malign and traduce me.'" He also mentioned the Constitution.

Science laughed at his story, but he was elected to the Senate on the strength of his speech, where he may still be found, riding back and forth on the little Senatorial underground railway, looking for fossils.

SEDUCTION AMONG THE ESKIMOS :

The Eskimos furnish an excellent example of seduction under odd climatic conditions. In fact, the rigors of a frigid climate and the inconveniences of living in a snow "igloo" have produced a scheme of life in which there *is* no seduction ! Which may be one reason why so few persons become Eskimos. The Eskimo, either through primitive logic or sheer inertia, has eliminated seduction by the odd expedient of loaning his wife to anyone who happens to drop in for a smoke and a bit of blubber, carrying his amiability to the point of taking a walk lest his presence be embarrassing. It seems to work out for the Eskimo, though civilized man regards it with amazement.

ASPECTS OF SEDUCTION

We may picture Uk and his wife, Ark, sitting about the fire. Uk is chewing a tasty morsel of raw fish, while Ark chews a pair of shoes she means to give him for Christmas. Eek, the mighty hunter, wriggles in, dips into the pot and joins the chewing for a few hours of the long night. Finally Ark rises, delicately scraping a bit of reindeer hide off her chin with a fish spear, smiles in neighbourly fashion and says : " Anybody want to use me before I get into my girdle ? "

Eek grunts an affirmative, Uk nods and says he thinks he'll go and see how the fish are biting. It's just that simple. If the visitor happens to be a white man he leaves a few needles or a fish hook in the morning as a token of esteem. Before you start North, however, you might look at a few pictures of Eskimo women, which will make the whole thing more understandable.

SEDUCTION IN HISTORY :

All history is interwoven with stories of seduction. Historians, however, are much too meagre with details, which may be one reason why history is an unpopular subject with our youth.

This thought is offered free to our educators. We learn that Soandso went to Whatsisname's tent or palace or whatever and they did Thus-andso, thus saving the day, or winning the war or stuff. But how? Why? By what method? One is forced, alas, to the conclusion that either historical personages were blunt and forthright as hell or that historians all fall into the (c) Past Masters classification.

Great men in history, too, have shown a discouraging reticence about speaking on seduction, except to condemn it. There is only one case on record of a statesman who made any sort of a definite statement; that was back in 1882, when one Oliver Worple, Esq., who was running for Sheriff, said, in answer to a question, "Seduction is fun." But immediately afterward he added: "That's off the record, boys." He was incidentally defeated by a large majority.

But by this time the student is doubtless eager to begin his study, so with no further ado we consider the first necessary step, which is....

SELECTING A SUBJECT



'....decided to practice on a wax dummy he procured for the purpose.'

L E S S O N II

SELECTING A SUBJECT

*Why to Select a Female ; Types of Subjects ;
Selection by (a) Advertising, (b) Pick-up,
(c) Etc.*

BEFORE you can begin to practice the science of seduction you must *get* some practice. And to get some practice one of the first requisites is a woman to practice on. This may turn out to be

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simpler than it sounds, or to sound simpler than it is, depending upon how much you look like Robert Taylor and the kind of women running around your neighbourhood. At any rate, the selecting of a proper subject for seduction is of primary importance. I can think of any number of well-known women that you would be stupid to select, because they would obviously be unapproachable. I can also think of just as many well-known women you would be stupid to select even if they *were* approachable.

In fact, when you pin me down to it, I'd really rather not think of well-known women at all, so let's hear no more about it.

Of course, this isn't finding you a subject for seduction—and that's just the point. You'll have to find your own. At these prices all we can do is offer a few timely hints guiding your selection.

First of all, let me explain why I so definitely stress the necessity for having a *woman* to practice on. I have here a letter, telling a tragic story of, a man who conceived the idea of brushing up his technique with a wax dummy because of a terrific inferiority complex. We shall call

SELECTING A SUBJECT

him Homer Panapoope, because that is the name signed to this letter.

"All my life," writes Homer, "I have been a victim of frustration. They laughed when I sat down to play the piano, because there wasn't any stool. If I refused to drink, my friends called me a sissie, and if I did drink I got stinko and put lampshades on my head.

"Even in my work I could find no happiness. After years of honourable service with Hermann Exterminators, Inc. (you've heard of our firm : *'When you think of vermin think of Hermann'*), I had risen to the position of Vice-President In Charge of Bedbugs. Everybody had to admit that no one could ferret out the little rascals like good old Homer. About this time I made my great discovery : an infallible scorpion eliminator. Happily, I waited for a scorpion that I could infallibly eliminate, but *no scorpions ever turned up !* Imagine the horror of it, if you can—the achievement of a lifetime—and no scorpions to eliminate !"

At this point Mr. Panapoope for some obscure reason launches into an attack on the administration (a clear case of politico-sexual sublima-

tion, or something), then wanders vaguely off into a petulant consideration of which end of the earthworm is the front. I don't know why I recount all this, except that it bored *me*, too. Eventually Mr. Panapoope comes to the crux of the matter. It seems he read this text on The Science of Seduction and decided that a good rousing seduction would fill the bill nicely for him. The only obstacle was his enormous *introversion*, which he named Egbert. To avoid the possibility of failure, Mr. Panapoope decided to practice the science of seduction on a wax dummy he procured for the purpose, using it as a sculptor might use a lay figure.* Lesson by lesson Homer practiced on the dummy with truly admirable results, as Eloise (he called her that) was not only lovely but mute. In fact, Eloise presented such a delightful and startling contrast to most women that Mr. Panapoope became wildly enamoured of (which is to say utterly nuts about) her and, feeling that she only lacked speech, he had her wired for sound.

This turned out to be definitely a mistake, for Eloise, not having been equipped with a stop

* No wise-cracks !

SELECTING A SUBJECT

button, talked Panapoope into a pale blue coma, which is where his letter is postmarked from. -

At any rate, that's the story and I guess that proves the point—though, frankly, I forget what the point was. The most amazing feature of Homer Panapoope's comment on this text is that *the letter arrived two months before this book was written!*—in fact, that's where the writer got the idea!

Now what do you say about reincarnation?

ADVERTISING :

There are, naturally, other ways of selecting a subject. One is that of "advertising" in the "daily papers." In the event that you decide to advertise, great care must be taken in the selection of a paper, as well as the wording of the "ad." If, for example, the "ad" is to run in the *Times* you may expect to attract a sober, conservative type of person and the wording must be in keeping with this fact. It might run something like this :

NOTICE: Sincere, earnest, conservative young person (male) is desirous of contacting ditto (female) to assist him in interesting research. Highest references expected and offered. Write Box XJ-8875.

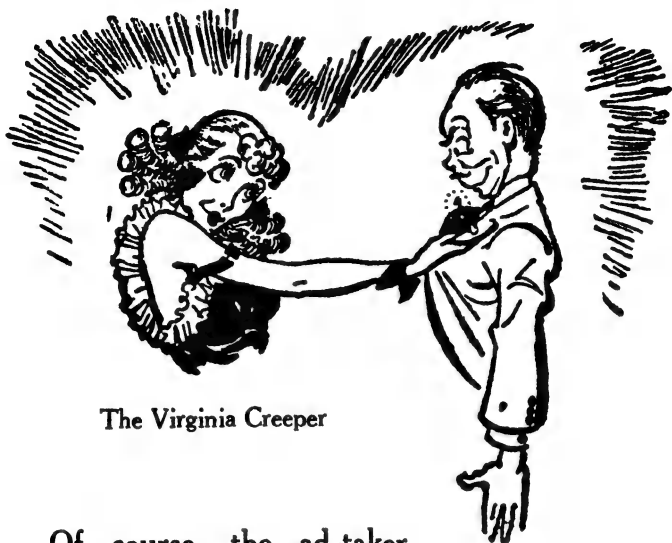


".... is not, candidly the sort of person you'd be apt to enjoy."

Of course, the type of person who would answer that ad. is not, candidly, the sort of person you'd be apt to enjoy. The simplest way out of *that* is to give the newspaper a phony address and never go near the place again.

On the other hand, if you advertise in *Cupid's Columns*, say, the "ad" would read quite differently, as :

Yoo-hoo ! All you "chickens" take notice—a loving "daddy's" in town. Let's swap "snaps" and get together—I am twenty-eight with wavy black hair, merry eyes, six feet tall and my friends say I look like Clark Gable. How about you ? Object, seduction.



The Virginia Creeper

Of course, the ad-taker will object to the last two words and make you take them out. But it will give her ideas as she looks at you with a speculative eye, and you may save the price of the "ad." The description may be varied to fit your appearance, but not too much accuracy, please. Especially if you are forty-eight, bald and paunchy.

You will receive several attractive-looking snapshots of girls and, picking the best-looking one, you arrange a meeting. When she arrives at the "trusting-place" wearing a red carnation

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you will take one look and endeavour to throw your own red carnation in the nearest ash-can. But you will be too late. Hers will be there first. At this you can only grin weakly and say : " Oh—hello, I have a distaste for flowers, I just remembered," or something equally convincing.

" She " will probably be the Clinging Vine type and all I can tell you now is to remember that many a staunch tree has been strangled by a clinging vine.

Assuming you run an " ad " in the *Louisville Blade* or the *Richmond Bugle* you will inevitably attract the Virginia Creeper type. This species of subject runs to soulful eyes and in some aspects may be confused with the Clinging Vine type. The Virginia Creeper, however, has a subtler technique. She runs to wide-eyed innocence, an irresistible Southern Drawl, twists a dainty finger in a buttonhole, perks her head on one side while looking up adoringly and usually stands on tiptoe, kicking one foot behind her while being kissed. The worst feature of the Virginia Creeper type is that while " you-all " may think you're doing a good job of seduction, you suddenly wake up one morning and find

SELECTING A SUBJECT

yourself married to a Southern Accent, which scores 1,000 for the other side and lands you behind the eight-ball.

THE PICK-UP :

There are, of course, other ways of selecting a subject than by advertising. If you are a low sort of person you may select the Pick-Up, which can be manipulated on : (a) street-car, bus, subway or other public conveyance ; (b) in restaurants, parks, drug-stores, bars and soda fountains ; (c) practically anywhere.

Selecting a subject by means of the Pick-Up there's no telling what type you may meet. It may be the Emancipated Woman, who will tell you that she thinks stupid conventions are silly and she doesn't see why two people who are attracted to one another need be bound by etcetera, etcetera. You will find this encouraging until you discover that *she* reserves the right to decide which conventions are silly. Another prevalent type encountered through the Pick-Up is the Squealers, Giggers and Breath-Catchers. They, naturally enough, run to

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Squealing, Giggling and Breath-catching and, for sheer pointless merriment, make the Laughing Jackass sound like the melancholy Dane.

After you've wondered, for the hundredth time what you have just said to provoke such unconfined outbursts of hilarious emotion you will either commit murder or decide that you are quite a "card," in which case you deserve all you get. You will find that the Squealers, Giggers and Breath-catchers tend to run in couples, coveys or bands. The only difference between the S., G., & B-c. alone and *en masse* (mussed up) is that the initial irritation multiplies as the square of number present, or, to put it more simply, they get goddamned annoying.

Alone, this type is not recommended. In marauding bands shun them like the plague, for they will not only squeal and giggle *at* you, but they will look at you with ill-concealed mirth and then squeal and giggle at each other, which will leave you with a tinge of frustrated madness and high blood pressure. If by chance you find yourself enmeshed in such a group the only expedient recommended is to walk them gayly

SELECTING A SUBJECT

along, taking a position on the extreme end of the line, until you encounter an open manhole. Engage in spirited conversation and pass the manhole so that the girl on the end of the line disappears down it. Repeat, until you find yourself alone.

Using the Pick-Up, you will find that no matter what type you encounter, there are certain constant factors. At one time or another she will : (a) Wonder what sort of a person you think she is to allow you to approach her, or : (b) Insist that this is really the first time anything like this has ever happened to her and she :

(1) can't imagine why she did it.

(2) must have been mad !

(3) acted on a crazy impulse.

You mumble something deprecatory at this point and ask her if she's sorry she " did it " at which she will answer :

(a) " I'm afraid I'm not," accompanied by a coy look that impresses you with your irresistible charm, or :

(b) " I don't know . . . *yet* ! " with what looks

like myopia but is meant to be a soul-searching probe into your thoughts, or :

(c) " I guess I oughta be, huh ? " with a wistful candour that hopes she has not been mistaken in this oh-so-impulsive gesture.

Of course, if the student of seduction is a person of discernment and given to observing the finer niceties of *la science de l'amour* (the science of l'amour) he will leave the plebeian Pick-Up for the *hoi-polloi* (muggs). To be really *de rigueur* (of rigour) one should never seduce a woman to whom one has not been properly introduced. There are also those who believe that one should never be introduced to a woman without trying to seduce her, but the disadvantages of this school of thought are immediately apparent. It takes no great imagination to conceive of circumstances under which an introduction, immediately followed by a seduction, might be embarrassing, not to say disastrous. Besides, after a while you will find your friends getting hesitant about giving you an introduction to anyone. And after a while longer you will find it difficult to find your friends.

SELECTING A SUBJECT

ETC.

At any rate, there are some aids in selecting a subject. Numerous variants will suggest themselves with practice. Whatever type you encounter, before going on to *The Approach*, consider carefully her qualifications. Ask yourself :

1. Is she likely to scream ?
2. Loud ?
3. For more or for help ?
4. Do I need help ?

If the answer to the last question is affirmative, ask yourself: (a) What made me pick on this dame in the first place? (b) Am I, then, a man or a mouse ?

If she *has* screamed the possibility is that (1) you *are* a mouse, or, (2) she is putting on an act.

Go to the Public Library and ask to see the files on "Mice," also pictures. Observe carefully the physiognomy of the mouse and then go to the washroom and compare it with your own. Look behind you and observe whether or not there is a hairless, snakelike tail. If you satisfy yourself that you are *not* a mouse, then she is

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putting on an act and you can afford to ignore it. There is one other possibility, though extremely remote, that may account for her screaming. There may be a safety pin undone somewhere about her person which is causing her excruciating pain. If you have reason to believe that this may be the case you may gently, though firmly, conduct a series of exploratory gestures to determine the whereabouts of the open pin, bearing in mind at all times those regions where an open safety pin might cause the most discomfort.

Oh yes—if you *find* the pin and sit back exhibiting it triumphantly, apply for membership in your nearest Boy Scout Troop, crediting the pin as your first good deed. And give this book to some one who will use it.

THE APPROACH



" What on earth are you doing ? "

L E S S O N III

THE APPROACH

Do You Want to Seduce Her? Case of Blivitz ;

1. *The Physical Approach : (a) On Roller Skates, (b) Crawling On Hands and Knees, (c) On a Stretcher ;* 2. *The Mental Approach ; Case of Hon. P. I. Penbrooke-Fixigain.*

HAVING carefully Selected a Subject the student is ready for the Approach. However, before going further with the technique there is a question you must ask yourself :

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DO YOU WANT TO SEDUCE HER?

This may seem, at first glance, to be a silly question. On second glance it will seem to be downright idiotic and if you give it a third glance you're a Peeping Tom and nobody will like you. But before dismissing this topic with a casual shrug, let me quote the case of a young man named, oddly enough, "Blivitz."

Blivitz, one warm Saturday evening, found himself amorously involved with a young woman who shall be nameless because her parents forgot to get married. Being a young man of primitive and underdeveloped mentality, he blundered along with the seduction in an instinctive yet effective manner and only after he had been home for two hours, taken a shower and begun to worry a bit did he realize that what he had wanted was not seduction at all, but merely to have his back scratched!

So let us have no such unconscious sublimations here. Make sure that you definitely want to seduce your subject before going ahead. One way of determining this is by putting a series of questions to yourself, as :

THE APPROACH

(a) *Am I seducing this person, or is she seducing me ?*

If it is the latter case you probably won't ever get past the first question, being otherwise occupied. If it is the former you ask :

(b) *What makes me think I want to ? Is my pulse-beat faster ?*

Here take time out to feel your pulse. If you are unable to locate it, one of two things has happened : (1) You have mislaid it somewhere and it will probably turn up where you least expect it, or : (2) You haven't any pulse at all, in which case you are dead. In either case run, do not walk, to the nearest doctor to settle the matter. He will look at you with disgust, find your pulse lurking under your thumb, and say : "Three dollars, please." After the panicky instant-during which you are sure you haven't got three dollars, you feel your own pulse and find it *is* faster, and you ask yourself :

(c) *What of it ?*

This is likely to be a "poser" and will give you something to do while wondering what happened to the girl while you were at the

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doctor's. It doesn't matter, because you haven't any money left anyway.

At any rate, having settled that you really *do* want to seduce your subject you are ready for The Approach. In scientific seduction The Approach is, as in golf, all important. One very essential difference is that in golf you approach with a club in your hand, which may or may not frighten the golf ball, whereas in seduction it will most certainly scare the hell out of the girl; particularly if made in an intimidating or leering manner.

Let us divide The Approach into two sections, namely :

(a) *the physical*, and (b) *the mental*.

I. PHYSICAL :

The Physical Approach is the actual means whereby you are brought into proximity with the Subject.

To get into the feel of the thing let's have a little more "local colour." It is the American Legation Ball in Shanghai, China. We could just as easily assume you are at the Junius K.

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Williston Reunion "Hop" at Glutt, South Dakota, but we don't want to. And you've always wanted to go to China.

It is a lovely evening in June, under the Chinese moon, just made to spoon....Oops, sorry....let's make it May. Better still, let's make it Mary—for, after all, making "Mary," as we shall jestingly call her, is the essential purpose of this book.

"Mary" (who was really born Gwladys Lunky) is draped languorously over a balustrade on the veranda. An indefinable perfume is wafted on the soft night air; silvery moonlight pours over the fragile stuff of her dress. There is a dark spot, caused by a Scotch highball, which also poured over her dress when that boulder, Wadleigh, bumped into her. This may lead you to the conclusion that she is exhilarated, or drunk. And you may be right at that.

But for The Approach: assuming that Mary is some twenty feet distant from you, you face directly towards her, lift the left foot from the ground, swing it forward and place it down firmly in front of the right. Shift the weight

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to the left foot and repeat, swinging the right foot forward and placing *it* down firmly before the left. After a little practice you will be able to carry on this action continuously, with alternate feet. It is a process of locomotion, known as "walking," and if practiced correctly, will bring you in close proximity to Mary. (When you are within a foot or so of your subject, stop, or you will have a "collision.")

This is perhaps the simplest way of covering short distances in the physical approach, and will serve very nicely in most cases. You may cover the same distance, if desired, on roller skates (provided the terrain is smooth); by crawling on the hands and knees (this is hard on the trouser crease, particularly on the white linen suits you'd wear in China); by scooter, pogo stick, or on a stretcher. If there is a small stream or pond intervening, and the weather permits, you must swim or row.

In any event, as you approach Mary you must have a bright remark ready. Your conduct depends somewhat upon the means of locomotion you have selected, a few being hereby listed:

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(a) *Approaching on Roller Skates :*

You roll gracefully up to her, spreading the toes outward to stop. Your feet, however, keep going in separate directions and just as you are about to bisect yourself you crash into Mary, she crashes to the ground and your wrist watch crashes against the stone balustrade. All three of you stop. Chuckle slightly, looknig down with a droll expression, and say : “ Yoo-hoo, I see you’re falling for me ! ” Then duck, unless there are no movable objects at hand.

(b) *Crawling on hands and knees :*

There’s really no reason in the world why you *should* approach this way, except perhaps that it *is* rather *different*, and you will therefore arouse her interest. In this case she will speak first. Looking down at you, she says : “ What on earth are you doing ? ” To which the only sensible answer is, obviously, “ I’m crawling on my hands and knees, you dope ! ” After which rise quickly, before she can ask you why. If she says “ Why ? ” anyway, merely look faraway,

dreamily, and say: "You'll never know*...." then briskly, "But let's talk about *you* for awhile." This will set you in her mind as a rather mysterious person and if she hasn't sent for a doctor you may be sure you have piqued her interest.

(c) *Approaching on a stretcher :*

This is one of the most comfortable approaches, though requiring more finesse than the others. It also requires two stretcher-bearers, who, in this case, will be Chinese. You have trained them to wheel smartly and stop so that you are directly facing her at an angle of forty-five degrees. She will look slightly surprised and say: "Did something happen to you?"

"Yes," you answer ardently, "you fascinate me!" Before carrying the conversation any further, observe the social amenities. A gentleman, you know (or I hope you know), does not remain seated while addressing a lady who is standing. And since, of necessity, you are seated in the stretcher you must do one of two

*This, incidentally, is a good line to use whenever in doubt.

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things : either (a) stand up on the stretcher, or (b) induce Mary to sit down beside you. —

Unless you come of a line of tightrope walkers you will experience certain difficulties standing on a stretcher, though with careful rehearsal it can be accomplished. If you choose the other alternative it must be managed with a casual artlessness—nothing so crass as saying : “ How’s for sitting down on this stretcher with me ? ” One of the simplest methods is suddenly to point behind her, saying : “ Isn’t that a wild elephant I see charging on us ? ” When she turns to look, give your two Chinese a prearranged signal so they move quickly in a sidewise direction, catching her just behind the knees with the stretcher as you assist by slipping nimbly to one side. At the same time raise your hat politely and say : “ Excuse me—I see I was mistaken. It’s not an elephant—it’s only your father, the Major.” The stretcher bearers should break away at a smart trot.

These are merely a few ways of making the physical approach. Select any of them, or invent your own ways ; as the French say, “ *chaque a son goût !* ”

II. MENTAL :

Whereas the *Physical Approach* consists, as we have learned, of the actual transportation of your corporeal body into proximity with that of your subject ; the *Mental Approach* consists essentially of a careful inquiry into your own state of mind and a sagacious deduction as to the subject's state of mind.

Before beginning the mental approach, therefore, it is well to establish the fact that you *have* a mind, so that you will not waste valuable time inquiring into something non-existent.

One way of determining this is to wait until " Mary " suggests something, like : " Let's stop for a champagne cocktail, shall we ? " If you manage to sidetrack her to an orangeade or a glass of beer, it shows not only that you have a mind but a mind of your own.

If the subject has no mind it is of small importance. On the other hand, if neither one of you have minds, you start even. This leaves one last possibility : that *she* has a mind and you have not. This is a situation to avoid, for in that case the odds are against you and instead of

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seducing her you are liable to wind up sending her little lame brother to college. And then, some balmy evening when the lamps are glowing and you prepare to collect a little appreciation, you'll find out just how *awful* you've made her feel by even *thinking* such a thing...but anyway, don't say you weren't warned.

The main purpose of the Mental Approach is to ascertain, definitely, whether or not there is reasonably clear sailing ahead ; and if not, what reefs, pitfalls and detours one may expect to encounter. "Forewarned is forearmed," you know, and the earnest student of seduction will find that there is many a situation in which four arms will be all too few to handle the situation properly.

Of course, while making the Mental Approach, the student must engage in light amusing conversation to "cover up" the fact that he is probing into the "soul" of the subject. The less suspicion the girl has of your underlying motives the better. In some cases it may be advisable to resort to a few card tricks or feats of parlour magic to distract her attention while you make your observations. For example,

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while you are saying : “ Pick a card—any cardthat’s it, now put it any place in the pack” you may really be thinking : *She seems bored by card tricks ! Does this indicate a father fixation or am I a lousy magician ?*

If the three of hearts, which she has selected, fails to turn up in the waiter’s coat pocket as predicted, you are a lousy magician.

Of course, you need not resort to card tricks, especially if you lack manual dexterity.

You may use the Conversational Mental Approach, which is another good “ feeler ” and consists of trying to “ steer ” the conversation in a sly, subtle manner so that, without the subject’s being aware of it, you are getting a “ line ” on her attitude.

For example, since we are in China, nothing could be simpler than to speak of the Chinese. At the same time, suppose Mary mentions casually that she is to meet her aunt for tea. You weave the two together adding the veiled approach by saying : “ By the way, I had an aunt who was once assaulted by a Chinese.”

“ What ! ” says Mary. “ Assaulted ! ”

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"Oh, yes," you laugh. "It was very amusing."

"Indeed," says Mary, looking at you queerly. Here you reassure her.

"Of course, there were no consequences. . . . what do you think about assault, anyway?"

"I don't think about assault," Mary says, definitely, being a bit difficult.

"Fine," you think to yourself, "*at least there are no neuroses here.*" But you say: "Naturally not. . . . Fancy people thinking about assault!" and you laugh heartily.

"Why *should* fancy people think about assault?" Mary asks irritably.

"Why not?" you retort gaily as Mary gnashes her teeth in frustration. Thus, you see you have led in and out of the point without "tipping off your hand" and determined something that may be of value to you if you're ever examined by a psychiatrist.

Meanwhile, your observations may be based upon the following lines:

1. *How old is Mary?*

This may not be easy to guess. Certain indica-

tions, however, will give hints, as : If you whistle "Red Hot Mamma" or "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and she immediately recognizes them, you'll know she's not under twenty. If she fails entirely to recognize them (a) she is over twenty-five, or, (b) you have a lousy ear for music, or, (c) she has a lousy ear for music also.

2. *What difference does it make ?*

After deep reflection, you will probably arrive at the conclusion that it makes very little difference indeed. If, however, the seducer is around nineteen and the subject is fortyish the chances are she will know more about it than he will, thus placing him at a disadvantage. On the other hand, if the seducer is forty and the subject is nineteen, the chances are she will know more about it than he will, thus placing him at a disadvantage.

3. *Is she conscious of my charm ?*

Before you can attempt to answer this it becomes necessary to make a distinction between "charm" and "personality." Also, to satisfy yourself that you *have* charm...and don't go

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dangling that Elk's tooth you wear on your watch chain at me ; this is a different sort of charm and it's a putrid pun anyway.

Personality is a comparatively common commodity. And "having personality" doesn't mean that it's a nice personality, everybody has some kind of personality and I'm afraid there isn't much you can do about the one you've got.

Charm, however, can be acquired. The simplest way of acquiring charm is to get hold of a million dollars and let the fact be known. Failing to acquire a million smackers, the next best way is to get a half-million, etc., on a progressively downward scale. When, however, the scale gets to four figures, or below, the charm value will be highly negligible and your next best bet is to get a job as casting director in Hollywood.

Very well then—*Is she conscious of your charm?* Approaching seduction, as we are, in a true scientific spirit we must go one step further and inquire : *Is she conscious at all?*

The fact that she moves and speaks is not necessarily a criterion. You might try pointing your finger at her suddenly, in an unguarded

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moment and snapping: "Who was the first Stuart king of England?"

If she looks blank and ventures an answer (it doesn't matter whether right or wrong) she is probably unconscious. If, however, she frowns and wants to know if you've gone suddenly crackers, she is conscious. And if you then find yourself wondering vaguely who *was* the first Stuart ruler of England, she's probably right—you *are* crackers.

Having established the fact that she is conscious, you then look in the nearest mirror, smirking a bit, if you like, and the main question will undoubtedly be answered. She could hardly fail to be conscious of your charm.

And now, one more point before we go on to the actual Systems of Seduction. The point is best illustrated by the

CASE OF HON. P. I. PENBROKE-FIXIGAIN.

It seems that the Hon. P. I. was, one evening entertaining a "young lady of the chorus" who, though physically attractive, was intellectually indifferent or, to coin a phrase, stupid as hell. The Hon. (she called him that.... she'd say

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“Hon ” and he’d say “Yes, Dearie.”), anyway, the Hon., as a means of marking time while working up his libido, had been describing a cricket match when he suddenly noticed her staring fixedly at him. After reassuring himself by the instinctive downward glance, the Hon. squirmed a bit and moistened his lips embarrassedly—which she took for an invitation and kissed him, or, as the Hon. puts it, “She bussed me, ’pon my soul !” Which anatomical inaccuracy may be forgiven on the ground of temporary exhilaration.

Amused at the interruption, the Hon. P. I. smiled and said : “Ah, my dear, you digress.” At which she giggled and said : “You old hyena yourself !”

When the laughter had subsided (it was coming from the bar where a man had slipped on a poached egg) the Hon. chuckled coyly and said the most amusing part of the story came when he asked her what she thought “digress ” meant and she answered “a girl tiger ” instead of the more conventional “female tiger.”

That may be amusing to the Hon. P. I. Penbroke-Fixigain, but personally I think the whole

story's lousy and can't for the life of me think why I bothered to tell it.

It does, however, present something of a moot psychological question ; one, I may say, that psychological question-mooters from all parts of the globe have been mooting about until the air is filled with their cries. And the question is *Where did the Hon. P. I. err ?*

Let us analyze this : first, by going back a step and asking, *Did the Hon. P. I. err ?* Disregarding all evidence to the contrary, we may assume for the purposes of argument that the Hon. is human. *Axiom.* "To err is human"—*Q.E.D.* The Hon. erred, and being full of good Scotch at the time, he had a tendency to roll his R's, which made it worse. Where, then, did he err ? And the answer is so obvious it's almost silly : he was *amused !*

And this brings us to an axiom that applies to any system of seduction : *Never laugh !** The student who has had himself weirdly inflated by having a girl laugh down his throat just at the crucial moment of a kiss will know what I mean, others will some day find out. Symptoms of

* Exception : *Whimsical Workout*, Lesson V.



“....the Hon. P. I. laughed immoderately, tapping her lightly upon the shoulder....”

amusement during the practice of seduction will irretrievably blast your prospects ; there are any number of good reasons why, but I'd rather not go into them. Can't you take my word for *anything* ?

Realizing his error, the Hon. P. I. Penbroke-Fixigain fell into a decline—or maybe it was an excavation—anyway it affected what we may laughingly call his reason and he ended his days

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in a nursing home near Griotheswitchemeed-On-Thyme (pronounced Gruesome-'n-Tim) where he later became very proficient at tatting.

How he came to take up tatting is psychologically interesting in itself. It seems there was a female Superintendent of Nurses at the Home who combined a certain coyness with a pouter pigeon silhouette. Seeing the Hon's eye light up as it rested on her she shook her finger waggishly at him.

"Now, now, Sir Penbroke," she cooed, "I can see that you're a gay old toff but I warn you—I'm going to give you *tit for tat*."

Upon which the Hon. P. I. laughed immoderately, tapping her lightly upon the shoulder, and said: "Tat!"

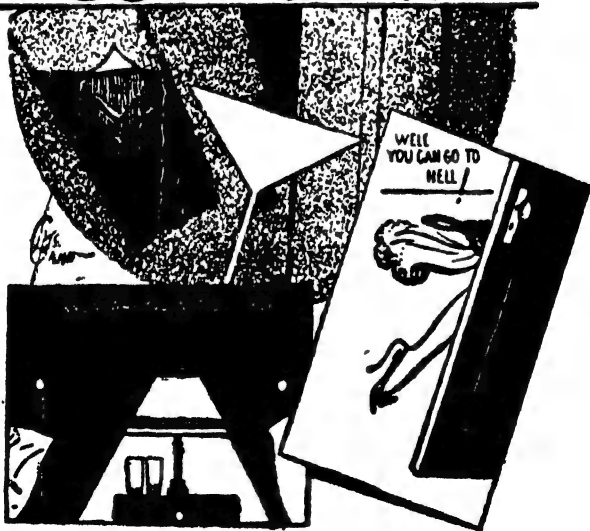
This was taken by the Resident Physician as a cue for occupational therapy and by the Superintendent as an insult. The Res. Phys. suggested tatting while the Superintendent went off in a huff on which six payments were still due.

All of which leaves us, now, with nothing better to do than proceed to

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'SO THAT'S IT'



L E S S O N I V

SYSTEMS OF SEDUCTION

1. *The Fuddle-Duddle, or Have You A Hollow Leg?* 2. *The Moustache Twirling or Ah There M'Little Beauty ; including :*
 - (a) *Come and See My Etchings (Lithos, Water-Colours and Feelthy Peectures) :*
 - (b) *Tut, Tut My Dear or Old Enough To Be Your Father.*
3. *The Conditional or I Can Take You Out of All This.* 4. *The Palsy-Walsy or Let's Get Together.*

So far we have discussed the more general aspects of seduction ; now let us be more particular. Or more specific, if you can't afford to

be particular. In other words we'll get right into the science of seduction.

Science, says Webster, is knowledge reduced to a system. And in the field of seduction with such a host of field workers there's plenty of knowledge in a scattered, haphazard sort of way. It remains for us to reduce this to a system which may be accomplished by boiling down over a low flame. . . . any old flame will do.

Let us, then, plunge directly into a consideration of the various Systems of Seduction, taking them in the order of their popularity. Leading the list is the crude, but effective

1. FUDDLE-DUDDLE *or* HAVE YOU A HOLLOW LEG?

The Fuddle-Duddle has become so widespread and well-known that *any* explanation is superfluous. This explanation is psychopathic.

It consists, essentially, in feeding the subject gin, rye or Scotch until she gets so Fuddle-Duddled that your arguments sound logical and/or her natural impulses take over. This much is standard practice; it is in the finer

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spects of the Fuddle-Duddle that the tyro betrays himself, and the result is often leplorable.

One of the commonest mistakes is in gauging the subject's capacity, so as not to Over-Fuddle or Under-Fuddle. Over-Fuddling results in various unpleasant manifestations, depending upon the subject, such as (1) Drunken Pugnaciousness, (2) Wacky Ideas (like Getting Dressed and Going Home, or Let's Go to Harlem, or I Don't Like Your Attitude), (3) Giggling Coyness, (4) Stubborn Virtue, and (5) Being Sick On the Carpet, to mention only a few. On the other hand, Under-Fuddling is almost as bad, since it leaves the subject with an insistent thirst and a comparatively unobstructed mind. This can produce the lamentable So That's It stand, as :

- (a) So That's It. *You're Trying to Get Me Drunk.*
- (b) „ „ „ *You're Spiking my Drink.*
- (c) „ „ „ *Now I Know Why You Invited Me Here.*
- (d) „ „ „ *Well You Can Go To Hell !*

No hard and fast rules can be laid down on

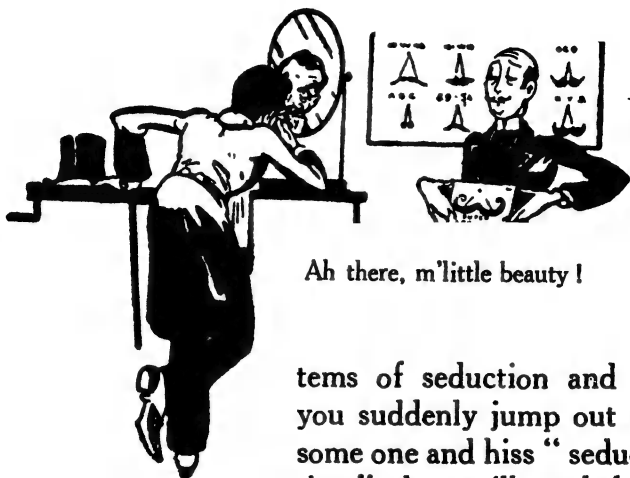
how to gauge the subject's capacity. That can only be determined by experiment, or left to luck and her reactions to occasional tentative advances. If the subject turns out to have a Hollow Leg you can check off the experiment, and try another system. Or, you can wrench off the leg and club her to death with it.

Another pitfall of the Fuddle-Duddle System is that the student of seduction frequently gets *himself* Fuddle-Duddled far ahead of the subject, which is very discouraging the next morning when you try to remember just what *did* happen.

The ideal practitioner of the Fuddle-Duddle is the seducer who is a Hollow Leg type himself and who has the nicety of judgement to feed the subject just enough to lower her resistance so that the basic, or cosmic, urge predominates at the same time leaving her the satisfying opening for self-justification afterward on the grounds that "she didn't know what she was doing."

2. THE MOUSTACHE TWIRLING or AH THERE M'LITTLE BEAUTY SYSTEM :

This is one of the most widely publicized sys-



Ah there, m'little beauty !

tems of seduction and if you suddenly jump out at some one and hiss "seduction" they will probably think of this system. They will also probably smack you in the eye before they stop to think.

In the Moustache Twirling systems—for there are several—the seducer plays the Big Bad Wolf to the subjects' Little Pig, speaking figuratively. It is well not to carry the analogy too far, however. The actual "Moustache Twirling" has, of course, also become something of a figurative tradition, dating from the days when wicked men wound up their libidos with their luxurious nose-warmers. It is a mistaken conception, however, that one must own a silky black mous-

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tache to practice the Moustache Twirling System ; it is merely the state of mind that goes with it that counts.

Beginners, nevertheless, sometimes find an actual moustache helpful in getting into the " mood " of the system, and for these I recommend our *No. 257-B Silky Black Upcurl Moustache* which hooks into the nose, or our *348-Q Little Gem Handlebar* in *dk. brwn.*, *chstnt.*, *blnde.* or *blk.* complete with pointed ends and supply of moustache wax sufficient for three ordinary or two uncommon hectic week-ends. With each comes a handy little folder giving a condensed course in " The Moustache ; How to Twirl " and six lessons on the tenor banjo. There is also the *Super-De-Luxe Special Combination* which includes our special convertible Jim Dandy Moustache which, by a simple twist of the wrist, becomes either a gray-shot *Financial Lip Muff* or a slightly more compact *Boudoir Delight* (with the scent of pipe tobacco, lavender, Russian leather and old Scotch). Included in this offer is a box of perfumed cigarettes, two dozen answers to " Why should I let you kiss me ? " and a low, fascinating, sinister

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chuckle ; all mailed postpaid in plain wrapper on receipt of the nominal, or regular, price. -

The Moustache Twirling System is actually a basic term, covering various allied systems. It is subdivided into :

- (a) *Come and See My Etchings (Lithographs, Water Colours, Feelfhy Peectures)*

This is particularly recommended for the substantial and slightly elderly seducer, but is at its best only with the Sheltered Subject who hasn't seen many movies and doesn't read the comic magazines. The only requisites are a few fairly good etchings (lithos or etc.), which is a little idea of my own. The Old System used the etching merely as a bait, or lure, and lacked finesse in that the subject, finding herself alone in the seducer's apartment with not an etching in sight was occasionally vexed or sore as hell.

But *have* your etchings! The subject's amazement at actually seeing them will be so great that it will leave her almost as dazed as the Fuddle-Duddle system without the expense of a liquor bill, for a good etching should last for years. And a bad one will last forever.

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As previously noted, they need not be etchings. The ideal situation is to have an assortment of various types of Art ready, in a predetermined order for instant reference. Then, if the subject laughs heartily at the mere sound of the word "etchings" you can make a quick shift to Lithographs, Watercolours or Van Gogh reproductions. The Feeble Pictures are included merely for the sake of complete coverage of the situation: if she wants to see *them* you're wasting time with the Moustache Twirling System. Another variant in the Moustache Twirling System is the

(b) *Tut, Tut, My Dear, or I'm Old Enough To Be Your Father*

Obviously, to practice this system the student must be ten or more years older than the subject. If you really *are* old enough to be her father you'd better not stress the fact; she may agree with you.

Another requisite is a good, well-oiled "Tut" in perfect condition; it would seem simple to articulate the syllable "Tut" but a proper "Tut" is *never* offhand. In that one,

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small explosive must be packed a world of reassuring inference, a gentle modesty, and the faint suggestion that you *don't* feel *too* fatherly. In practice it works out something like this: Mary has accompanied you to your apartment. After removing her hat, coat and gloves and sitting down in the most comfortable chair she says: "You know, I really shouldn't be here!"

"Why not?" you smile, putting just a dash of whimsy into it.

"Visiting a man's apartment at this hour?" she says archly. And here's where you must not go off at a tangent. If you answer: "What possible difference does the hour make?" you are abandoning the Tut, Tut, My Dear System and side-tracking into the Intellectual or Freudian Follow-Through System which is not only inconsistent and poor technique but leaves you stranded, since you haven't learned that system yet and you won't know what to do.

No, the answer to that remark is: "Tut, tut, my dear....why, you surely aren't *afraid* to be here with me." To which she will answer either: (a) "No-o-o-o...." looking slightly uneasy, or (b) laugh like hell.

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If the reaction is the first (a) you then give out your sophisticated chuckle and add, "Why, I'm old enough to be your father!" If, however, she laughs like hell the best you can do is join her, creating the impression that you meant it for a very broad joke, at the same time switching to another system.

Assuming, however, that you've hurdled the first jump without too raucous merriment you find yourself sitting beside her on the divan, with the radio giving the proper lift. Suddenly Mary gasps, and says: "*Why, Mr. Candle!*" which surprises you, since your name is Kranke. Baffled, you fall back on the old system, and say: "Tut, tut, my dear—why I'm old enough to be your father." To which Mary snorts and replies: "Then why the hell don't you act your age!"

Tere's no answer to that one—if there were I could sell it for many times the price of this book. Haggard and frustrated you deftly swing the conversation to almost any other subject, and fall back on the good old Fuddle-Duddle, and I, for one, hardly blame you.

3. THE CONDITIONAL *or* I CAN TAKE YOU OUT OF ALL THIS SYSTEM

The Conditional System is one of the soundest and most workable of the various systems of seduction, based, as it is, on the established business principle of *honi soit qui mal y pense* (a fair exchange is no robbery). It is limited in scope, however, since the subject must particularly *want* something, badly, and the seducer must be able to (a) give it to her, or (b) be convincing enough to make her think he can.

The Conditional System has numerous variants, such as : I Can Get You In Pictures, I Can Get Your Father Out of Jail, I Can Get You On Relief, I Can Hang You With Diamonds, or I Can Wiggle My Ears. A bald and blatant statement of fact, however, is to be avoided for the subtler approach. Some say that the entire Conditional is *not* seduction at *all* but a strictly commercial transaction ; holding that no seducer can offer a tangible inducement and still keep his amateur standing. Others don't even want to keep their amateur standing while still another group would rather let their amateur keep *them*

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standing, sitting or lying down, but this applies mainly to radio programmes.

Using this system is somewhat like fishing ; the bait must be dangled with apparently pointless nonchalance and indirection until you have hooked your catch. Then, instead of "reeling in" you "shell out." Another essential difference is that in using the Conditional System it's not fish you're after. Fish, however, is what you are liable to become if you make the grave mistake of delivering the inducement before achieving your nefarious ends.

Let us illustrate, using, say, the I Can Get Your Father Out of Jail variant. In this case, Mary is a pretty little First Folder in a paper box factory, and all through dinner her mind is obviously distracted. Around the dessert you smile reassuringly and say : "Poor kid—I can sympathize with you. It's tough."

Mary's spoon stops and her eyes widen. "You mean becoss I was lookun sad?" she says wistfully, in a low, throaty voice.

"Yes," you say, "but you mustn't wet your pretty little eyes because your old man is in jail."

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"Oh—how did you know?" she gasps, her heart in her eyes.

"You told me during the spaghetti," you confess, and ask softly, "Would you feel much better if your old daddy were free?"

As comprehension of your noble motive dawns, tender gratitude lights her face. "Why're you doin' this fuh me?" she whispers, meltingly.

"Don't you know, little flower?" you answer. "Come—we'll stop at my place and talk about it," making this a definite statement.

Later, as you are about to snap off the light, the little flower says: "Lookit....gettin' Pop out is gonna coss some money...." You've been thinking the same thing, for the old buzzard is in for murder, but since the light is already out you make a magnificent gesture. "Forget it," you say, "I only want to see you happy."

"Then...." says Mary timidly, "would you jist uz soon lemme—uh—lemme....take the money...."

"You mean, *you'd* like to take the money and get him out?"

"No....I like tuh take the money an' keep him in," says Mary, adding judiciously, "the old bastard."

All of which demonstrates the idea. Subtlety is the thing. There are cases, of course, where a direct technique can be employed. Say, if the subject is movie-mad and you are (or can make a noise like) a casting director. In that case you may say: "Sure—I can give you a part in *Hearts and Spades*, Toots. But I don't do favours for kids that don't play ball." And she may say: "I'll play." But don't fool yourself; she's not playing. It's strictly business. This, technically, is a system in itself, known as the H'ARE YA TOOTS or TIME'S A WASTIN'. It is self-explanatory, consisting merely in approaching the subject with a flip gaiety and saying: "H'are ya, Toots—how's about it?" It has the virtue of being simple, brief and conclusive; within ten seconds you have either booked a vigorous evening or are nursing a blackeye while waiting for the doctor. For a sailor on brief leave it's as good as any, but it isn't seduction—merely suggestion. There is, however, a modified version of the H'ARE YA TOOTS, which

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enjoys a vogue, particularly among those with considerable charm for the "fair sex," known as

4. THE PALSY-WALSY *or* LET'S GET TOGETHER SYSTEM

The only subject for whom the Palsy-Walsy is recommended is the Emancipated type, who sneers at romance, lovemaking, courtship and pretty speeches in a rather flat voice. Sneers, that is, in a flat voice.

Since this type is often rawboned and beats you at tennis I can't for the life of me see what you'd want with her, but there is the system calculated to appeal to the Emancipated Type. With such a subject the basic fundamental is that you don't want to fool her—and, incidentally, you'd better not try. A "pally" air of "camaraderie" is called for and you might practice a contemptuous sneer or two so that you can join her occasionally. Note, also, a few phrases (since all "courtship" of this type is verbal) to use at appropriate moments, as: "Huh—they call it love!" "Public necking makes me sick." "Men (or women) are fools!" "He (she, it or everybody) is a fool (or idiot)."

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Next make sure of your subject. That is, especially if she lives in Greenwich Village and wears flat-heeled shoes and mannish clothes, be sure that you're not making an ass of yourself by *any* system, and then let her understand that you respect a frank, blunt attitude. You might even say, for example, "I respect a frank, blunt attitude towards things." If she says, "What things?" say "Practically everything." She will probably say, "I'm very frank myself, even when it hurts." And the snapper for that one is: "Most people don't appreciate honesty, but I won't hand out a 'line.'"

From that point on you have your choice of a variety of subjects, all leading in the same direction. Here are a few with the proper bluntness and slanting in the right direction:

(a) It takes two people to have an affair and one of them must be a girl. Or *ought* to be.

(b) It's silly for a girl to insist on a mushy "courtship" when she knows what the answer is going to be. And she should know.

(c) L'amour (glamour) is much more fun if a girl helps instead of hindering.

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(d) If all the time wasted in preliminaries were added up it would be a hell of a lot.

(e) Some savage tribes practice polygamy and think nothing of it.

(f) Some civilized men practice polygamy and think nothing of it.

(g) The best way to take your mind off sex is to practice it freely.

(h) You need practice right now.

If you get that far in a two-way conversation, she will be in your arms or half-way to the nearest subway station. If you fail to get that far you have probably made a wrong analysis and (a) she is not an Emancipated Type at all, or (b) she is so Emancipated that she dashed off to practice what you preached with a fellow she likes better.

*SOME MORE ADVANCED
SYSTEMS*

.



"....announcing your Aunt Hettie from the
country"

L E S S O N V

SOME MORE ADVANCED SYSTEMS

*The Intellectual or Freudian Follow-Through ;
The Burnup or Vesuvian, Broadside ; Boring
From Within or Melancholy Baby Break-
down ; Whimsical Workout or Let Us Be
Gay ; Dying Calf or Prostrate Petitioner ;
Man of Mystery or Who's You ; The Primeval
Putsch or Primitive Persuasion.*

5. THE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM or FREUDIAN FOLLOW-THROUGH

THIS technique is popular among poets-on-relief, artists, writers, scholars, and other

intellectuals who have trouble paying the rent. One advantage is that it necessitates so much preliminary talking there is little tendency to superfluous conversation later. And speaking of conversation, don't work under the assumption that with the Intellectual System you talk a girl into seduction. In a series of tests made by Chief Chemist Stuffbottle with the greatest secrecy—his wife was suspicious—at the Ekaf Laboratories, it was demonstrated conclusively that six men, working day and night in relays, could talk a kettle into boiling exactly five hours, nine minutes and three seconds sooner than they could talk a girl into seduction. And it was later rumoured that they might never have succeeded if the girl hadn't fallen into a deep coma from sheer boredom, nullifying the results and making it not seduction at all but petty larceny or illegal entry.

To practice the Intellectual System you must first develop an Intellect—which is easier than it sounds. Find some friend (or enemy) who has just moved into a smaller apartment, borrow his *Encyclopædia Britannica* and place it in a prominent place. You might also get a

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copy of *The Invocations of Maeschylos* and leave it resting, opened, on the table. If you have trouble procuring this volume it will probably be because there is no such book, though the title *does* have a familiar ring.

Of course, if the subject is a real Intellectual she will probably curl her lovely lips into a horrible sneer at such *bourgeois* (bushwa) signs of pseudo-culture and leave forthwith. This will be a good thing, because a real, or chronic, intellectual could give you nothing but a headache and an inferiority complex. On the other hand, if she is a typical intellectual she will leap with cries of glee on these signs of *kultur* (culture) and go immediately into a discussion of Nietzsche's Superman. But don't be alarmed—this is what you're waiting for. The only reaction called for is an occasional wise nod, a drag on your pipe and a periodic lift of alternate eyebrows.

Finally she will say : “ Look at the way I go on ! But it's such a relief to meet a man who thinks of a girl's *mind* ! ”

At this cue take your mind off what you were thinking, immediately. If you get red all your



" the creamy-skinned idiot who had you drooling "

" men " get " sent home " and you loose the next throw. You smile tolerantly and say : " You know, I could never become interested in a girl who did not have a mentality," resolutely putting out of your thoughts the memory of the luscious little blonde moron who left you gnashing your teeth on a street corner for two hours ; also the creamy-skinned gibbering idiot with the high-relief figure on the beach who had you drooling even while she told how her father *always* dressed for dinner.

This is your cue to start an ostensibly imper-

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sonal discussion of "Sex—It's Cause and Effect," of which the following will be a skeleton guide, or, an "outline," if you're afraid of skeletons, in which case you'll never make an Intellectual.

- (a) Sex is very interesting.
- (b) More people ought to know more about sex.
- (c) Have you read Kraft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis?
- (d) Terrible things come from repressions.
- (e) Naturally, she doesn't believe in repressions.

Now you're on tricky ground. "To say: Well—what we are waiting for?" is *gauche* (left) in the extreme. She must receive the impression that two sane,* intelligent† persons have decided to make an experiment in one another in a rational sort of way.

Therefore you say: "I think it would be very interesting to make love to you." And before she can be chagrined at being used for a clinical experiment, add: "One so seldom encounters a

* Figure of Speech. † Sheer imagery.

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girl who has both a mental *and* a physical appeal."

The main idea is to keep talking *and*, at the same time, not lose track of the primary objective. After you've kissed her the rest is in the bag. And don't keep talking *too* long.

Here are some conversational leads that will swing an "intellectual" discussion into the right channels :

IF SHE SAYS....

"We sailed up the St. Lawrence river...."

"I think Van Gogh is *too* precious, don't you?"

"We heard Stravinsky's 'Firebird' last night. It thrilled me."

"I detest funerals—they're so morbid!"

"I love the hustle and bustle of the city."

YOU SAY....

"Oh—and speaking of Lawrence, have you read *Lady Chatterley's Lover*?"

"M-m-mmm....do you know, I'd love to paint you in the nude."

"How interesting. Science tells us that music is a strong stimulant to the libido."

"Yes. After all, we only live once, and we should enjoy life while we're here, don't you think?"

"Many women work out their repressions in frenzied activity."

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"I despise cities—give me the peace of the quiet countryside."

"You must not retreat from life—meet it bravely. Sex is an important aspect of life."

"I'm very fond of dogs—a dog's love is really unselfish."

"Quite. And a dog has no false standards of convention. His love life is free and untrammelled."

6. THE BURNUP *or* VESUVIAN BROADSIDE

Here is a technique eminently suited for a youthful student, for only in youth can we find the energy necessary to the successful practice of this fiery fusillade. It is the direct antithesis of the Intellectual System, in that action is stressed, not words. The few words used are of a fragmentary and inflammatory nature, delivered while breathing heavily through the nose, or, for variety's sake, gasped between spasmodic swallows of air.

The subject, in the Burnup, is taken by storm; kissed, caressed and so thoroughly swarmed over that the heat generated is of sufficient caloric intensity to melt any resistance, allowing no time for questions, objections or calm reflection. And while essentially simple and direct in its

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application, the Burnup requires extra careful groundwork in the Selection of a Subject and The Approach. The Virginia Creeper, the Clinging Vine and all the more romantic types



“The subject is taken by storm....”

are particularly susceptible to this technique ; on the other hand never try it on the cool, collected type or a girl with a good left hook.

Watch the Subject for ecstatic sighs in movie love scenes ; for a drooping of the lids during syrupy music and a tendency for the chest to heave while being kissed. Then go to town.

“You’re marvellous, wonderful, thrilling,”

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you hiss through clenched teeth, swallowing hard after every third adjective and taking her to your manly bosom in no uncertain way "You're in my blood, you...." Here you become unintelligible through gnawing delicately at the subject's left ear, you impetuous fellow, you ! When she has spasmodically saved the last tattered remnant of ear you immediately shift to a closed formation with a half Nelson on the left arm while muzzling about the throat with a low, passionate growl, and so on—improvising as you go along but never for one moment, saying more than six consecutive words



'....you become unintelligible....'

three of which *must* be adjectives. After half an hour of this you will notice her eyes gradually glazing; her respiration shallow and accelerated; pulse rate increased and resistance practically nil. You prepare for the *coup d'état* (blow of state) with a sonorous snarl—and the doorbell rings, announcing your Aunt Hettie from the country who has decided to pay you a surprise visit. One of the fire-irons will handle Aunt Hettie nicely, but by the time you've washed the gore from the steps, the subject will be saying, "My—it's getting late, isn't it?" and be putting on her lipstick preparatory to leaving. There will also be a slightly wary look in her eye, signifying resolutions made that bode you no good. There's nothing much you can do about it but select a new subject, first disconnecting the bell and ripping the phone out by the roots.

Here are a few adjectives of the better sort that lend themselves admirably to a gaspy, irregular delivery:

Beautiful, lovely, exquisite, flowerlike, delicate, dainty, sparkling, radiant, dazzling, gorgeous, intoxicating, stunning, magnificent,

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enchanting, delirious, seductive, fascinating
marvellous, unbelievable, divine.

After you've used those up see a Thesaurus.

7. BORING FROM WITHIN *or* MELANCHOLY BREAKDOWN

This is another specialized technique that must be employed only on the right type. In this case the Sympathetic Soul or Protective Amazon makes an excellent target. Do not use it, however, on the Fluffy Doll who will apparently be deeply moved by it. The Fluffy Doll will listen to Boring From Within or any other bore for whatever there is in it, and therefore is properly seduced by the Conditional or similarly direct methods.

In this system a technique contrary to the Burnup is employed. The only passion visible to the subject is Hopeless Passion; you are Resigned to your Fate, Committed to Continence, Bravely Bearing Up under Dreadful Duress.

There are several attitudes you may take, as

- (a) *If you are married,* Your Wife Doesn't
 Understand You.

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- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| (b) <i>If you are broke,</i> | Things Were Not
Always Like This. |
| (c) <i>If you are rich,</i> | There Are More Im-
portant Things Than
Money. |
| (d) <i>If you are ill,</i> | It's Nothing—What Is
Death? |
| (e) <i>If you are healthy,</i> | You Are the Sort That
Goes Quickly. |

And so on. Not, mind you, that you complain ; on the contrary, the impression you give is that horrible things lurk in the dim background of your mind but you wouldn't think of mentioning them. No...you grit your teeth valiantly and "carry on!"

It works out something like this : Mary and you have met at a coaktail party. She was attracted to you because you were so "pale and interesting looking." You are pale because you couldn't afford to go away to the seaside last summer, and the interesting lines of suffering on your face come from the fact that you were drunk as hell last night and haven't got over it yet. But Mary, Little Mother of the World, is

intrigued. She plants herself beside you and drools something about how unhappy you look. This is the perfect opening. You might answer with perfect truth: "You'd be unhappy too if you had a case of double-barrelled, nickel-plated, poppet-valved jitters like *I* have, you dizzy witch!" But that would be definitely not *au fait* (smart money).

No—as the strong, silent sufferer you say, with a melancholy lift of the eyebrow, "What makes you think so?" immediately looking more unhappy than ever. If she insists—and she *will* insist, especially if she's on her third cocktail—you laugh hollowly and say: "Perhaps it's just a hangover," knowing damned well that it *is* a hangover—and *what* a hangover.

Mary, however, with true feminine intuition, is convinced that it's not a hangover. When she has become sufficiently insistent that you tell her* you may drag out a deep sigh and a mirthless smile, muttering that you're "tired of it all."

"Somebody has hurt you," Mary pouts, "you poor boy!"

* It is particularly good sign if she lapses into the third person, as: "Tell mamma," or, "Tell Mary what's the matter."

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"Hurt *me*?" you say, with bitter irony, "ha, ha, ha."

You get the idea? You must over-deprecate every solicitous advance. If Mary has the brains of a duckbilled platypus she'll crown you with the nearest cocktail shaker and find someone amusing, but having gone this far it's obvious that she's all "heart."

After a while you say: "Why should you bother talking to me? I can only bore you." This will firmly cement her to you, and when you say, "I'm leaving.... I don't suppose you'd care to be annoyed with me any more," she'll insist on going along. If she says, "Where are you going?" you may answer, "Who knows? Where are we all going?" Or, in extreme cases, "To Hell!"

Don't say: "Would you like to come in?" when you reach your apartment. Stop, definitely; look grimly over her head and take a deep breath, saying: "You'd better leave me here." She'll get the nutty idea that you mean to do something desperate and tag right along.

Even after you've kissed her don't drop the Silent Sufferer attitude. Instead of proceeding

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right merrily to the business at hand, pull quickly away, stand up, run your fingers through your hair, snap your teeth together, and say: "Go away....you don't care about me....you just want to cheer me up...."

The main disadvantage of this system is that after she's cheered you up she often feels that it's necessary to keep right on taking care of you. The only remedy for this is suicide or moving to a distant city with no forwarding address.

After practicing the Boring From Within, or Melancholy Baby System you may find it a relief to try the

8. WHIMSICAL WORKOUT, *or* LET US BE GAY.

This is another system requiring the light or indirect touch and the proper subject. The Gay Girl is your best subject here; she is easily recognized by her jittery laugh and will usually be found telling about the quaintest trick Tommy pulled last night, the *fool*! If she owns a car it will invariably be spoken of as *Gwendolyn* or *Henrietta*, and her team of Scotties will be *Scotch* and *Soda*, or *Death* and *Destruction*.

Before beginning operations you'll have to

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accumulate a case of whimsy which is much too simple, and slightly dangerous in that it is prone to become a violent seizure, in which case it resembles measles, only it's more nauseating. Also, in measles you break out in a rash, whereas, if you have whimsy, your friends break out in a rash and stop being your friends. It is frequently confused with *quinsy*, which attacks the throat ; whimsy attacks the mind, leaving a shrunken negligible remnant.

When about to practice the Whimsical Workout, stand in front of the mirror for fifteen minutes before meeting the subject, and practice smiling crookedly with an insouciant lift of *one* eyebrow. Alternate with "chuckling" practice until you can do both at will.

This is one system of seduction in which the subject is treated lightly, which is to say with affectionate casualness. Instead of saying, "You're beautiful," say : "Hello, funnyface," and chuckle or smile crookedly. She will answer, "How's poison ivy to-day ?" which means she adores you, at which you stare fixedly at her and say, with solemnity : "You have crooked teeth. . . . I could never love a girl with crooked

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teeth." "The better to bite you with, you louse," she responds happily. You needn't dodge—if she really meant to bite you she would say: "I'm hungry," or, "Mind if I have a nibble?"

Here is a brief guide to a whimsical vocabulary; once you get the idea you'll think of others.

DONT SAY....

I love you Mary.

I'm dying to kiss you.

Hey, waiter—more butter.

Come here—beside me.

SAY....

You're getting in my hair,
mugwumps.

Can lovely fairies be kissed?
—I'm going to find out.

Ho, varlet! A bit of larded
lubricant for the staff of
life. (Pointing to the but-
ter dish.)

Go away, Jezebel; you have
designs on me.

This is only a rough idea; in essence, the entire affair must be treated casually, nonchalantly—even gaily. When asking her to your apartment don't suggest it directly, say: "Naturally, you won't come up; you know what I'd do." Even the seduction proper, if any seduction *is* proper, should be carried off in

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a gay, offhand manner, which is no mean achievement.

The trouble with the Whimsical Workout is that with no dearth of subjects you may discover at the very last moment that she is not really the Gay Girl but a Pseudo-Gay girl, which means she really *is* playing whereas you mean business. And there's no way of knowing until the very last minute, which leaves you with a bad case of whimsy and a spoiled evening.

This about washes up the more dependable systems of seduction. There are, of course, innumerable others, and without going into the more exotic or little-used systems, but just in case you encounter them, we list briefly the :

9. DYING CALF, *or* PROSTRATE PETITIONER

Which is remarkably effective on the Experimental Matron who is not sure that men still go for her. In the Dying Calf you set the subject up on a high pedestal, kick away the ladder and grovel about the foot, rolling your eyes upwards and uttering low, despairing hoots of desire while gnashing your teeth at her inaccessibility until the subject gets so squirmy for love that she

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precipitates herself from the pedestal upon you. It's as simple as that. Just don't forget to duck or sidestep, or you'll be underneath an avalanche of amorous avidity.

10. THE MAN OF MYSTERY or WHO'S YOU?

Is a system that is simplicity itself, and particularly applicable when practiced on Boarding School Girls, the Too-thrilled-With-It-All type who is in town for the holidays, and most females who sit up nights reading confession stories. It demands a certain *aplomb* or we might say *un air distingue* (an air distinguished) to carry it off successfully. You fuzz up your eyebrows, cultivate a piercing stare, a knowing smile, and a faraway look. Volunteer no information about yourself or what you do, deprecate any compliments mildly, using the faraway look and accompany any casual remark with the piercing stare. At any questions fired at you merely use the slow, knowing smile and shrug. Used on the right type, she will supply a romantic aura to fit your headsize and goggle wishfully when you take her hand gently, masterfully, and simply. You can take her the same way.

There remains one more system, the :

11. PRIMEVAL PUTSCH *or* PRIMITIVE
PERSUASION

Which I have coyly saved for the last. A system that, alas for our milktoast day and age, is used all too seldom, and then by the less desirable sort of person. The Primitive Putsch is charming in its directness, amazing in its simplicity, infallible in its results, and will work on any type subject, though it is especially recommended for use on the Teaser Type. It consists essentially in secreting a stout club on your person, manipulating the subject, willy-nilly, into a comparatively sheltered spot and clubbing the very bejeesis out of her, until she gives in willingly or lapses into a non-combatant state of unconsciousness. There is only one disadvantage: they call it rape, and send you to jail for it. *O tempora, o mores!* (Time Marches On !)

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"



What's Wrong With This Picture?

L E S S O N VI

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

*Including What To Do If She Doesn't ; Boudoir
Etiquette ; What To Do In Case of Fire ;
In Case of Husbands.*

HAVING read the foregoing pages you have no doubt noticed with increasing irritation that each System of Seduction carries you to the point of the seduction *per se* (as the Latins have

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it) and leaves you there, dangling helplessly. Just bear in mind, however, that seduction as the Latins have it would leave any average man dangling helplessly, being a trifle too rich for Nordic blood, if it's any consolation to you. If, on the other hand, you *are* a Latin any further directions would be as pointless as a radio comedian's gags.

However, having brought you to the point where she says "yes," there are other details worth noting; all the little "niceties" that raise seduction from a casual pastime to a science or fine art.

WHAT TO DO IF SHE DOESN'T SAY YES

Maybe you've guessed it, but this is our little "joke." Because she never *will* say yes, paradoxical (screwy) as it may sound. Having been "done" by the chosen system to perfection, she may kiss you lingeringly and sort of *wait*, with closed eyes; she may run her hand through your hair, sigh tenderly and say: "Silly boy!" "Darling," "You ass!" or other endearing terms; she may practically rend you asunder, swoon in your arms or ask for the loan of a bath-

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

robe....but she will never in so many words reply with a verbal direct affirmative to your request. The one exception is the Emancipated Girl, and you know what we think of *her*.

On the other hand, using "When She Says Yes" as a figure of speech there remain several points of good conduct you must observe or you will create a "bad impression" and you may never be invited to stay for breakfast again. Assuming that you have captivated Mary and find yourself in *her* apartment with a fine storm raging outside, you have what the literati call a "swell set-up."

BOUDOIR ETIQUETTE

It is a mistake to assume that having reached the state of *une affaire intime* (an affair in time) you may forget your manners. Here is the test of a true gentleman, and therefore a few "do's" and "don'ts" are listed for your guidance.

(a) Never bounce on the bed and say, "Nice flop you've got here!" This will make the subject self-conscious and might break the springs.

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(b) No matter how funny you've been all evenings, the boudoir is no place for gags. *Don't* tell the story about :

1. The man who went home in the storm for his pyjamas.

2. The commercial traveller who refused to sleep with Baby.

3. *Any* commercial traveller-farmer-daughter story ; she's heard them all.

4. The chambermaid who got married.

5. The innocent couple who got married.

If you *must* tell a story tell a very new, very funny one that she hasn't heard. But you'd better make up your mind to be either a Casanova or a comedian—you can't be both.

(c) A gentleman keeps his boots polished, but not on guest towels.

(d) When you leave, don't ask for "taxi fare," even if it is done the other way round, or *vice versa*.

(e) A gentleman removes his hat before going to sleep.

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

(f) A gentleman, in a boudoir, does not go to sleep.

IN CASE OF FIRE

Having hurdled the pitfalls of bad manners suppose Mary suddenly looks up with fear dilating her lovely eyes and hisses : "What's that I smell?" Immediately you curse yourself for having laughed at the soap ads. Visions of social ostracism torment you and you hate yourself for your blind carelessness.

"Something's burning!" Mary cries.

"Oh, is that all," you sigh happily, and open the door. A billow of acrid smoke stifles you. "It seems to be the house," you say, while sirens shriek outside.

"What'll we do?" Mary wails.

"You know what *I* do when the house is on fire," you say lightly. "I let it burn... ha, ha, ha." This will cheer her up and take her mind off the fire.

"My reputation!" she gasps. "You've got to get out of here!"

"My idea exactly," you mutter gallantly, diving for the window, where a fireman's head

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has suddenly appeared. The fireman, seeing you climb down the ladder, alone, will naturally assume that Mary is your wife, thus saving her reputation and your skin. In the event that a newspaper photographer has snapped you coming down, turn to the nearest fire chief and shout : " There seems to be a woman up there—the fireman wouldn't let me...." ending up coughing. Then make a quick getaway through the crowd. The papers will print a story about UNKNOWN HERO RISK LIFE IN FIRE, the Chief will wonder how the hell you got up there in the first place, and Mary will slit your throat if you meet her again.

IN CASE OF HUSBANDS

The truly accomplished seducer always manages to ascertain in advance that there is no husband before venturing into a lady's boudoir. However the young student, his little mind agog with true scientific zeal, sometimes overlooks a detail or two and learns that " there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." In case a husband does intrude upon you at an inopportune moment there is no better guide to the

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

correct procedure than the established conduct as laid down by our better dramatists who have covered the situation from various angles. We therefore present composite dramatization of such a scene entitled :

HIC, HAEC, HOC

OR

DRUNK AGAIN

A THREE-ACT PLAY IN ONE ACT AND

ONE SCENE

by

GEORGE BERNARD KAUFSHAW-BARRYSKIND

Cast of Characters

Mary : The wife

John : The husband

Tony : The lover

[The scene is MARY's boudoir on the twentieth floor of the Spitz Towers. UP CENTRE a French Door gives on a balcony ; DOWN LEFT a window gives on the lights of the city far below ; DOWN CENTRE, MARY's chest gives deep heaves as the curtain rises, revealing her in TONY's arms on the *chaise longue* (pronounced chaise longue).]



“ Ah, Tony, this is madness....madness....! ”

MARY (*Sighing*)

Ah, Tony, this is madness....madness....!

TONY (*Passionately*)

But such a lovely, thrilling madness my sweet..
Uhm-m-m-m-m-mmm....

[He Kisses her Fiercely]
[There is a sudden Loud
Knock At the Door]

MARY (*Jumping to her
feet*)

What's that ?

TONY (*Blinking
stupidly*)

It sounds like some one knocking at the door.
[The Knock is Repeated]

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

It is some one knocking at the door

MARY (*chewing a
knuckle*)

My God—my husband !

TONY

As dear Null Cahrd would say—how trite,
m'dear. I didn't know you had a husband.

MARY (*Jittery*)

He mustn't find us here together—you'll have to
get out, quickly !

[The Knock Repeats, louder]

TONY (*Glances apprehensively at window*)

Where can I go ?

MARY (*Frantic*)

You can go to hell for all of me, but *get out !*

[Pushes Him Towards Balcony]

TONY (*Shocked*)

But Mary—a moment ago you were in my arms
....kissing me....

[Loud Pounding Sounds On
Door, Muffled Shouts]

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MARY (*In frenzy of nerves*)

Yes, and a year ago I was in Biarritz. . . . and in two seconds my husband will be in *here*, you colossal ass. . . .

[She Pushes Him Toward the Balcony As the Door Bursts Open Revealing JOHN Who Stops Short, Glaring at Them]

JOHN (*Snorting*)

So—you've got a man in here !

MARY (*Gives Tony's hand a quick squeeze*)

What did you expect, a gorilla ?

[Tony, Meanwhile, Seeing No Gun, Has Regained His Composure. He Bows and Applaud's Mary's Line]

TONY

Very good—broad, but good.

MARY (*Smiling graciously*)

Did you like it ? It was the best I could do, *ad lib*, you know.

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

JOHN

What the hell is this?

TONY (*With assurance,
steps forward*)

Now just a moment....let's not be melodramatic....

JOHN (*Snaps*)

Shut up! Don't try to talk your way out.

MARY (*Makes a deprecating little gesture*)

I should have warned you, Tony....he's a barbarian

TONY

I should think so! Not so much as an epigram!

JOHN (*Savagely*)

I'll epigram *you*, you....

TONY (*Holds up his hand*)

Please! Just a moment. You're surely not thinking of *violence*! (*Clucks deprecatingly*).
Not really!

BED FOR BEGINNERS

JOHN (*Puzzled*)

Just what the hell are you handing me, anyway,
you lizard.

MARY

Lizard ! Imagine ! (*Laughs heartily*)

TONY

Yes—(*Laughs*) Lizard !

[JOHN Looks Baffled, At a
Loss What to Do. He Con-
tinues to Frown Ferociously
Meanwhile]

TONY

Now look—we're not going to be silly about this,
are we ?

(*Shakes his head in
amusement*)

Really, this is too much. Admit you're fooling,
now.

JOHN

Me ! Fooling !

TONY

You're not really *seroius* with that attitude, I
hope ?

WHEN SHE SAYS "YES"

JOHN (*Heavy irony*)

I'm not really serious, eh? So you wanna play. I suppose you're gonna tell me you're Mary's cousin from Milkwaukee. . . .

TONY

Not bad, not bad. . . . (*Laughs*). He's catching on, Mary. I suppose we may as well tell him.

JOHN (*Weakening*)

Tell me what?

TONY (*Easily now*)

Naturally the whole thing was framed between us, over a cocktail in Longchamps. . . . She said you'd react violently and be—ah—dangerous, while *I* claimed that outside of plays people just don't get melodramatic, you see. . . .

JOHN (*Weakly*)

Oh. . . . you mean you expected me?

TONY (*Gaily*)

Of course! Strictly a gag, old man. I do congratulate myself that it was as effective a bit of acting I've ever given.

B E D F O R B E G I N N E R S

JOHN

[He Has Been Grinning
Sheepishly ; now He Looks
Up Quickly]

Acting ?

TONY (*Happily*)

Yes....you see, I'm over at the *Empire*—leading man—and for an *ad lib* performance I think we did pretty well....(*To Mary*) Who wins, Mary?

JOHN (*Ominously*)

I'll tell you, m'boy....*you* win....a nice sock on the nose !

[Crosses and Socks TONY on
the Nose Knocking Him
Down and Stands Glaring
At Him]

And how do you like *those* apples ?

TONY (*From the floor*)

I—I don't understand....you mean you don't *believe* me ?

JOHN (*Snarls*)

Believe you ? Whadd'ye mean believe you....
sure I believe you....But *I hate actors !*

FAST CURTAIN

TIME AND PLACE



"in the window of a furniture store on
Broadway...."

L E S S O N VII

TIME AND PLACE

*Their Importance and Relation to Each Other ;
Case for Diddell ; Check List of Places ; Tit-
willow's Folly ; Apartments, Their Selection ;
Equipment ; Other Places (Indoors).*

As the philosopher says, there is a time and place for everything. We, however, not being interested in everything, shall consider Time and Place in their relation to seduction. Only

BED FOR BEGINNERS

an incurable optimist or some similar moron will deny that time and place are of paramount importance in seduction. For example, if there were no Time you'd never have a chance to seduce any one, and if there were no Place you'd be sort of hanging suspended in mid-air which sounds inconvenient as the very *dickens*.

RELATION TO EACH OTHER

The two—Time and Place—have a definite effect on one another, for upon sober reflection it will be seen that a Place may be ideal at one Time and impossible at another; as, say, a barber's shop. At two-thirty in the morning a barber shop might make a charming spot for a seduction; Frenchy, sort of, with the mirrors; cozy, with the warm, bubbling towel sterilizer; fragrant with the scent of bay rum and lilac. Yes—particularly if the subject be a manicurist and the student a stickler for the right atmosphere.

On the other hand, consider this same barber's shop at one o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. Obviously impossible, unless one be the rankest sort of exhibitionist.

TIME AND PLACE

Time and Place, therefore, are inextricably bound together and we will thus consider the two as one. Besides, it's cozier that way.

We have already discussed seduction in the subject's boudoir. This, however, for the experienced student of seduction is too easy—almost decadent. The use of the subject's premises in itself presupposes an acquiescence that verges on prurience. Your true amorist takes a certain zest out of surmounting the unsurmountable; achieving the impossible. Indeed, such zeal can carry one *too* far, as in the case of J. Dankworth Diddell, whose successes in



“....a certain zest out of surmounting the unsurmountable....”

the field of seduction were so consistent that his name became a byword for amorous dalliance, and was perpetuated in the present participle.

THE CASE FOR DIDDELL

Mr. Diddell, or J. D. as he was originally known, came of poor but passionate parents who paid very little attention to him. Until the age of eleven he showed no signs of the precocity he was later to evince; in fact, according to the records of Dr. Hektor von Donnenschwitzer, who made a study of the case, young Diddell was a backward child and didn't even get a rumble out of the bees and butterflies. As his case book reads—*Sexualische Psychopathische Gotterdammerung, Wien, 1896*—"Patient at the age of three showed no sexual awareness." This is particularly unusual, because Diddell was not born until 1904 and was never in Wien, or Vienna.

"This," Dr. von Donnenschwitzer goes on, "is highly significant. Freud speaks of the 'pre-genital' phase. 'Not until puberty does the popularity of sexuality coincide with *male and female*,' says Freud," says Dr. von Donnen-

schwitzer. And Freud and Dr. von Donennschwitzer ought to know, especially when they make it unanimous like that.

At any rate all this changed suddenly. The neighbourhood awoke one day to find that Diddell had expertly seduced all the young virgins and laid waste the countryside for miles around; in fact, for a while it was a moot question whether to get him a medal or string him up. Diddell, not wishing to be the cause of local ill-feeling, left, oddly enough, at night and hurriedly.

In later years, Diddell's enemies claimed that his high batting average was due to the fact that he confined his operations to *filles de joie* (girls of joy), low grade morons and immoral chamber-maids. His supporters, however, brand this as a base libel, one of them going so far as to say: "This is a base libel." They contend that Diddell could never afford to stop at a hotel, and therefore never seduced a chambermaid in his life.

At any rate, flushed with victory, Diddel arrived in New York determined to outstrip himself, figuratively speaking, and attempted to

BED FOR BEGINNERS

seduce a lass whose name was Gladys Glorkle, in the window of a furniture store on Broadway at high noon. This proved his undoing, though it did get a certain make of furniture a lot of publicity, and Diddell was sent to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue, entirely surrounded by virile male orderlies, where he is to this day. J. D. claims it was a plot of Dr. von Donnenschwitzer who lost three nurses to him, but we need not be concerned with that aspect of the case. It is true that at least one of the nurses left to avoid going mad by saying: "Hello—Dr. von Donnenschwitzer's office speaking," fifty times an hour, on the telephone.

To get back to our point, Diddell, in excess of zeal, neglected to determine that his Time and Place were right, and thereby came to a sad but glorious end.

CHECK LIST OF PLACES

With no pretence of covering all possible Places, here is a brief guide to aid in the selection of a Place or Scene of Seduction, particularly when an emergency dictates the necessity of settling somewhere promptly.

TIME AND PLACE

(1) *Woodland Glades*, which includes (a) Parks, (b) Woods, (c) Meadows, (d) Roadside Nooks.

The coordination of Time and Place is especially important with any Woodland Glade. For the Romantic Soul there is nothing more effective than a Woodland Glade setting on a balmy night with the scent of honeysuckle in the moonlit air. Others prefer the scent of corned beef and cabbage. Don't, however, make the mistake that a Mr. Tulliver Titwillow made, which is locally known as :

TITWILLOW'S FOLLY.

Mr. Titwillow, an earnest if nearsighted student of seduction, made the mistake of taking his subject (a girl he called Aggie) to a Woodland Glade one moonlit night, object seduction, and disregarding her shivers and trembling as evidence of the *ague* (which was locally called "aggie"—an interesting bit of psychological transference here with her name) proceeded to seduce her. Mr. Titwillow, however, had mislaid his bifocals, and on glancing at the calendar assumed it was August First, whereas it was

BED FOR BEGINNERS

really December Ninth! Since the Woodland Glade, instead of being deep with waving wheat, was at this time frozen stubble suggesting a three-acre porcupine, Mr. Titwillow suffered abrasions and punctures of the epidermis from the field and a black eye from Aggie who, in a statement afterward, said fun was fun but *sh* war'nt no Hindoo fakir on no bed of nails, no no Esquimaux neither.

Places of course fall into the two general divisions of Indoors and Outdoors. As the foregoing case demonstrates, Indoors would be the logical Setting for the winter months. And the ideal Indoor setting is the student's own *atelier* (apartment). Which brings us to :

APARTMENTS : THEIR SELECTION

The apartment you select will naturally depend to a great extent upon your income. Therefore, whether you rent a luxurious flat or one-room cubbyhole, you must bear in mind that economic experts have figured out that one monthly rental should not, conservatively speaking, exceed one's monthly income by more than ten or twelve dollars, figured on a weekly basis.

TIME AND PLACE

That is, supposing you are paid by the month ; after allowing for laundry, cigarettes, Scotch, the ten you borrowed from Joe Mankle and other necessities, the balance carried over should be no less than twenty-five per cent. of the amount the landlord insists on having immediately before he dispossesses you. It may be expressed algebraically thus : $A + \frac{X}{B} \times \frac{1}{4}C = (H_2O)$.

Let A equal Apartment, B the monthly rental and C the landlord's chances of collecting on time. By inversion we get : $A = \frac{X}{B} \times \frac{1}{2} (H_2O)$, which is no help and inversion always makes us dizzy anyway. Solved, the equation gives us $X = 5 \times \frac{1/4 BC}{7}$ and a headache.

" X " of course, represents the "spot" which the landlord insists on having his money on.

The problem of selecting a suitable apartment is simple. Let us assume that you wish to pay \$60.00 monthly, which is only fifteen more than you can afford and gives us a round number to fool with. You go to a Renting Agent named Mrs. Toomer who smiles at you.

"I would like to rent an apartment," you say, "around Gramercy Park."

"Of course," says Mrs. Toomer as though everybody lived around Gramercy Park. "How much did you figure on paying?"

"About sixty dollars," you say, "for two rooms, bath and kitchenette."

"Oh—" says Mrs. Toomer, rifling through a card file. "I have a *lovely* place coming vacant in October—did you want it then?"

"Immediately," you say, this being May.

"Oh....well, here's No. 236 Charles St. They're asking seventy-five but...."

"I want to be around Gramercy Park," you mention mildly.

"Yes—of course," she nods sympathetically. "This *is* lovely, though. You might get it for sixty-five if you sign a lease."

"Sixty," you mutter, "is top."

"Yes," she nods. "How about a one-room studio on 79th St.? I have one for sixty-five dollars...."

"Gramercy Park," you say, stubbornly. "And sixty dollars."

"Are you an artist?" You shake your head. "No—and I don't want a studio. I want an apartment *now* and...."

TIME AND PLACE

"Mm-m-m-m...." she hums. "Sixty dollarshow would you like something around Gramercy Park?"

"That's it," you say eagerly.

"I have one here....it's only two rooms, though...."

"I *want* two rooms," you bleat.

"Oh," she says reproachfully. "I thought being an artist you wanted a one room studio" Before you can answer she has scribbled an address on a card and pushed it towards you. "You go over and see this one and tell me how you like it."

"How much," you say, looking at the card, "is this one?"

"They're asking a hundred and a quarter," she says confidentially, "but they'll come down to a hundred ten if you like it...."

Half an hour later, when you have washed the blood off your hands you walk around the Gramercy Park section and rent an apartment which has one room and bath and rents for seventy-five dollars.

Or, assuming you want to rent just a modest place and go to another renting agent, you will

BED FOR BEGINNERS

receive a list of prospective apartment buildings which you go to see. On the list there will be :

1 business building included by mistake.

1 flat, occupied, whose tenants have no intention of moving and who tell you off in no uncertain terms for daring to ring the bell.

6 apartments that were already rented.

3 apartments two miles from where you want to live.

2 flats with no balcony.

1 balcony with no flat.

19 apartments where the superintendent doesn't answer.

At the end of two or three weeks you have worn out two pairs of shoes and your patience and you re-sign in your old apartment for another year. Two days later sixteen renting agents call you up to tell about apartments that are just what you want. Take their names and addresses carefully and make appointments with each for the following day. Then have them assassinated by payment of a small fee to the proper persons.

From the standpoint of seduction your apartment should have a door, for without one you

TIME AND PLACE

would be unable to enter unless you climbed in through the window, which the police frown upon. If possible there should be two doors, so that someone can be going out just as some one else is coming in. I am working on plans for an apartment which will not only have two doors but will have them on different floors so there need be no embarrassment due to meeting on halls or in elevators.

You should also have an icebox or electric refrigerator. This is for providing ice cubes, for drinks. Equip your kitchen with :

1 electric iron (8 pound), for knocking the ice trays loose.

1 bottle of arnica for the times your aim with the iron is bad.

1 corkscrew, which will always be mislaid.

1 corkscrew to use opening bottles.

1 strainer to keep the cork out of the drink.

4 highball glasses for breaking.

2 highball glasses for drinking.

2 nondescript jelly glasses to use when the others are broken.

1 table, kitchen, to put drinks on.

1 table, expensive, walnut or mahogany,

highly finished, on which drinks and cigarettes will be left.

1 sink, kitchen, for cigarette butts and dirty dishes.

1 maid, broadminded.

OTHER PLACES (INDOORS)

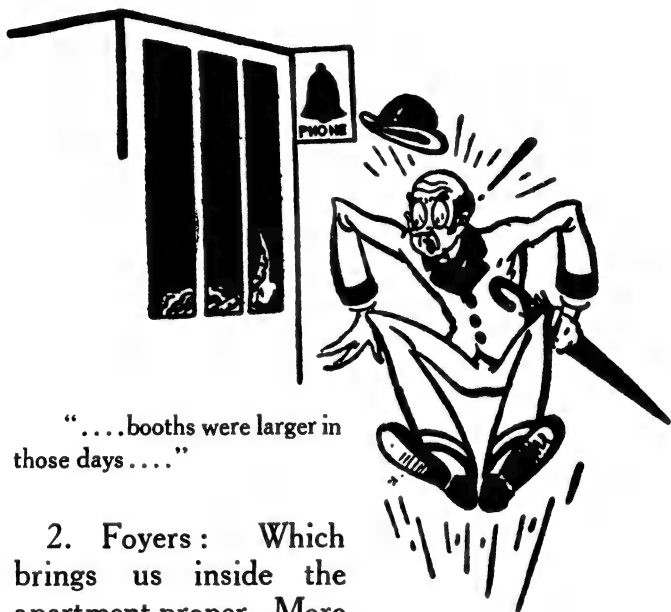
There are innumerable spots, corners, crevices, closets and retreats which may be used, at the proper Time, for the scene of a seduction. Indeed, one can hardly imagine any reasonably sheltered and private spot that has not at some time been the scene of at least an attempted seduction. Without developing the idea in *extremis* (in extreme) as shown in Diddell's case, we may note a few of the not too unusual places that may be adapted to our purpose.

(a) *Hallways*: These dim retreats, beloved of the younger generation, are seldom used for seduction, but rather for the infantile apprentice course known as "necking." Always open to the possibility of interruption, the Hallway makes an uncertain scene at best. Included in Hallways are :

1. Vestibules : Here care must be taken not to lean on or inadvertently push any of the rows

TIME AND PLACE

of bell buttons, lest curious tenants come down to see who is ringing the bell.



“....booths were larger in those days....”

2. Foyers: Which brings us inside the apartment proper. More privacy and less security unless the family are sound sleepers.

All of these are distinctly middle-class and definitely undesirable to the real student of seduction, being emergency measures at best. Not recommended above adolescence.

(b) *Telephone Booths* : These modern little temples of talk, through an idiosyncrasy of the 'phone company are constructed in so definitely vertical a manner as to discourage any but the most fervent, foolhardy and contortionistically inclined amorists. There has been a movement afoot petitioning the telephone company to build booths on the horizontal plane, making 'phone conversations more comfortable and seduction more practicable.

There is a case on record of one Wilbur Waddle who, in 1909, seduced a blonde toe-dancer in a telephone booth but this can hardly qualify for the records as booths were larger in those days and Wilbur was under a misapprehension the whole time. He thought it was a comfort station and the telephone a gum machine. The seduction was a gesture of protest when gum failed to come out of the 'phone.

(c) *Closets and Cupboards* : In this connection we can do no better than quote the experience of a French-Canadian named Hercule Malicieux who had been a lifelong sufferer from *Claustrophobia* (fear of Santa Claus). Whenever some one came to visit him he would insist on accom-

panying the visitor all over the house, looking into closets, under beds and up the chimneys to make sure that Santa Claus was not lurking somewhere about the premises. "See," he would say, "there is no Santa Claus here—is there, *hein* (huh)?" The only thing that made it bearable was the fact that very few people came to visit him.

It was while rummaging about in a large clothes closet that he encountered his housekeeper who had gone in before him, and, after a terror-stricken interval, when he managed to determine that she was *not* Santa Claus, in a sort of joyous reaction he then and there seduced her. Amélie, the buxom housekeeper, was so infuriated that she hung him on one of the hooks by his suspenders—where he may be to this day, since he refused all help in getting down.

"She hung me up," he swore (in French), "and she'll take me down, by gar!" And so he became known as the "Father of Canadian Closet Hanging," and on long winter nights, especially around Christmas, his low, doleful howls ring over the quiet countryside.

TIME AND PLACE

But there is no need to further enumerate unusual Scenes of Seduction. The sincere student will content himself with more orthodox *locales* (locals) and if he has an ingenious and experimental turn of mind he'll be able to think up his own queer places.

*AFTERMATHS,
AFTER-THOUGHTS AND
ADDENDA*



“ There comes a time in every man’s life....”

L E S S O N · VIII

AFTERMATHS, AFTER-THOUGHTS AND ADDENDA

*Aftermaths, and How to Handle Them ; What
the Well Dressed Seducer Will Wear ;
Addenda, including Accessories.*

AFTERMATHS, AND HOW TO HANDLE THEM

THE expert seducer—and if you're not expert by this time it's your own fault, you should have paid attention—seldom is troubled with Aftermaths. There are occasions, however, when in spite of all precautions, the Subject refuses to remain a closed book and appears upon the scene, precipitating an Aftermath ; or, appears with an

Aftermath precipitating a scene. In the latter case scholars refer to it as *L'etat—c'est moi!*—which is roughly translated as the axiom: “There comes a time in every man’s life when some woman needs fifty dollars.” The only sensible procedure here is to be provided with the fifty dollars and to dispense them as gracefully as possible under the circumstances. This is known as “The Law of Diminishing Returns,” which means that, handled properly, her returns will gradually diminish until she fails to show up at all, especially if you move to Chicago.

However, “an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” and it may be wise to stop at your chemist’s for the ounce of prevention first. In mild case a half ounce will do, but it won’t do much.

Another way of avoiding aftermaths is known as **BUTTON, BUTTON, I GOT AMNESIA**. In this case, suppose Mary comes ringing your doorbell some stormy night, with an Aftermath, saying: “What are you gonna do about it?”

The first thing to do is to correct a lamentable grammatical error. “Pardon me, Madame,”

you say calmly, " but you should say : ' going to ' *not ' gonna.* ' "

This will put her in your debt immediately, and demonstrate your superiority. " Why you ———&§"(*@***!!!?½¶½¶ person, you ! " Mary says.

" Madame, " you reply coolly, " never having seen you before in my life, I haven't the least idea what you are talking about."

" Oh, " says Mary. " So ' &§"(*@**—* !! !?½¶ that's your story, you †§"(*@* you etaoïn shrdlu, you ! "

" Sticks and stones, Madame may break my bones, " you remind her in an aloof manner.

" And don't call me Madame ! " she adds.

At this time you may, keeping one foot behind the door, mention that, while you have no recollection of her, she seems to be a deserving person and you would be glad to offer some financial assistance. Here you proffer a cheque (made out to CASH) and a receipt for her to sign reading as follows :

This acknowledges receipt in full of £——
as payment in full of any and/or all obligations
incurred while full, or notwithstanding,

BED FOR BEGINNERS

between the undersigned and John Doe at any time.
(Signed) Mary Doe.

Of course, if her name is not Mary Doe she will not sign that ; also, unless you happen to be named John Doe, don't sign that name, or the two together will look like you're married and that's just what you don't want. In case a little persuasion is necessary resort to the Fuddle Duddle, not, however, carrying it to the point of producing an Aftermath. And be more careful, next time !

But let us take grateful leave of Aftermaths to discuss the pleasanter subject of :

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED SEDUCER WILL WEAR

There was a time when the standard costume for a seducer was a gay and dashing brocaded dressing-gown, tied tightly about the waist. This, while still acceptable enough in one's "digs," tended to be a bit *outré* (outrageous) when necessity compelled travelling through the streets or on the public "tramways." The only other alternative for street wear was silk hat,

gold-handled cane and full white-tie-and-tails. The anguish this must have caused proper minded men who were thus forced to appear in full evening attire under horribly bright sunlight was extreme, with the result that seduction became almost exclusively a night time affair except with those who crassly ignored the sacred obligations of custom.

Time changes all that, however. No longer need you practice seduction with a Desperate Desmond makeup. Clothes, to the meticulous, are an important adjunct to seduction, paradoxical as it may seem, and there is nothing more gratifying to a girl with breeding than the knowledge that she has been seduced by a man who was impeccably arrayed for the occasion.

Abner, Crummy & Fitch are showing some exciting new tweeds this season, *Beau Nash* whispers in our ear. Our investigator reports that at least one girl found them terribly exciting, but that may have been because she was wearing a *decollete* evening gown, and the resultant squirmings due to the tweed's tickling effect. *Beau Nash* also whispered something about thrilling new socks which we missed

BED FOR BEGINNERS

because his whispering also tickled our ear. The correctly attired seducer will bear in mind one fact regarding hose, however—they should not have holes in them, except the one at the top through which the foot is inserted. There is at least one case on record of a man who insisted on seducing a debutante with his shoes on, due solely to the fact that his two great toes were poking through their socks, thus placing himself forever in the subject's mind as a boor, and incidentally ruining a nice rayon bedspread.

However, you may enjoy a wide latitude in your choice of clothes. A nice gesture is that of suiting your apparel to the "mood" of the occasion. If you have recently quarrelled with your Subject, an amusing touch might be to wear "spats" the next time you see her.

Or let us say that while practicing the Whimsical Workout, Mary, in her acute way, has been "riding" you. You rise, excuse yourself for a moment, and reappear smiling whimsically wearing a "riding habit." She will appreciate the deft touch of satire in this. If you are afraid the "riding habit" might be too suggestive, in that Mary's "riding" you might get

THOUGHTS AND ADDENDA

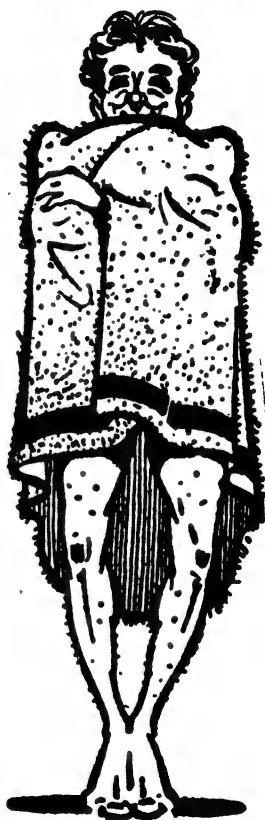
to be a "habit," you may get a bit further with the symbolism and appear in a horse-blanket. In this case you might laugh out loud as you appear, to show that it's all in fun.

In the Burnup or Vesuvian Broadside you might answer Mary's ring dressed as a Fireman. Or, if this seems a bit too broad, in a neatly tailored asbestos suit.

Personal preference must necessarily dictate your choice, and Dame Fashion bows to "good taste," in which case "good taste" must bow back or it would be a "snob."

ADDENDA

There are a few items with which any scientific



".... and appear in a horse blanket."

BED FOR BEGINNERS

seducer will be equipped, although many of them will not seem to be normal items in a bachelor apartment. Suppose *you* were a girl who had just been seduced by you (*you not* being a girl in this case) and you wanted to "pretty yourself up" a bit before leaving only to find that you had mislaid your lipstick. Suppose, also, that the original application had been smeared all over your face by your kisses. Wouldn't you be annoyed at being forced to face the world sans lips?—or, on the other hand, think how grateful you'd be if you said to you, "Why, here is a lipstick I got for you, dear," and it turned out to be your very shade, if you know what I mean.

This may seem to be very elementary, which, as a matter of fact, it is. Anyway, your first item should be 1 doz. lipsticks, assorted shades. These should be brand new, though one seducer was known to keep a pencil sharpener to give a new appearance to a used lipstick. This, however, is niggardly not to mention cheap as hell. You should also have :

1 box assorted bobby pins.

1 box assorted hairpins, blonde.

THOUGHTS AND ADDENDA

1 box ditto, brunette.

1 box ditto, black.

1 box cleansing tissues. (This will save towels.)

1 bottle nail polish (for stocking runs).

1 doz. assorted sizes and colours stockings.

1 doz. assorted toothbrushes.

1 extra comb and brush, hair.

$\frac{1}{2}$ doz. boxes face powder (assorted shades).

1 negligee.

1 box aspirin.

1 box Pyramidon.

1 box bicarbonate of soda.

1 address book.

1 drawer, locked, for storing same.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gross small envelopes. . . .

The last item can be used for enclosing "taxi fare," as a delicate gesture, and also so that the fact that only one dollar is enclosed will not be too obvious.

Other accessories will suggest themselves from time to time. The investment need not be made at once but you may gradually accumulate the necessary items.

This, then, pretty well covers the field of scientific seduction. I hear a chorus of angry

voices raised to protest that I have but merely scratched the surface. And I answer, my friends, that it is merely the surface that itches, so what? True—there are still many, many more systems of seduction, but upon close examination it will be found that they are little more than variants on the foregoing ones. And on closer examination it will be found that, for all-round, dependable performance—as my little niece age four says—they stink.

The music student learns his scales—then his “pieces”—then he improvises. So will the graduate student of seduction practise his various systems, adding, bit by bit, little refinements and variations of his very own, skipping like a mountain goat from system to system, often changing in full career, as one might say, without missing a beat. Show me a man whose stamina permits a full and thorough investigation of all these systems, with the inevitable experiment and personal *ad libs* and who *still* cries for more systems—and you will be showing me a *man* !

APPENDIX

You will find, on the pages following, a few test problems in seduction which you may work out at your leisure, or if you have no leisure, try on your stenographer. Bear in mind all the principles we have studied together and if they don't work out don't blame me.

PROBLEM I

Suppose, while drinking at a bar, a beautiful girl stumbled and spilled her cocktail down your shirt front, and then smiled apologetically?

(a) Could you consider that an introduction?.....

(b) Would she?.....

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- (c) Suppose she didn't smile?
- (d) Suppose she wasn't beautiful?.....
- (e) Suppose it was a cup of coffee?.....
- (f) Just suppose?

PROBLEM II

You and Mary, having progressed to the point where you are going to your apartment, confront a locked door and you find you have no key.

- (a) Could you get in anyway?.....
- (b) How?.....
- (c) Are there lights in your hall?.....
- (d) Bright?.....
- (e) Why did you lose the key in the first place?.....

PROBLEM III

Assuming that you have selected a luscious lass at a dance and that with the proper approach you have induced her to leave with you, a man stops you at the door and says: "Where are you taking her?"

A P P E N D I X

- (a) What the hell does he want?.....
- (b) What are you going to do about it?.....
- (c) What is *she* going to do about it?.....
- (e) Are you bigger than he is?.....
- (e) Are you too proud to fight?.....
- (f) Wouldn't you rather take a walk with the muddy-faced girl in glasses anyway?....

PROBLEM IV

If you find yourself in a luxurious boudoir with three beautiful girls clamouring for your affection :

- (a) Are you asleep or awake?.....
- (b) If asleep, do you want to wake up?.....
- (c) How would you choose between them?
- (d) What would you do with the other two?
.....
- (e) Don't you wish it were true?.....

PROBLEM V

How would you go about seducing :

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- (a) A female artist who believes in free love ?
- (b) A lady paperhanger ?.....
- (c) A lady ?.....
- (d) A girl with pimples ?.....
- (e) Why ?.....
- (f) A virgin ?.....

PROBLEM Va

Where would you find a virgin ?*

PROBLEM VI

If you woke one morning and found a strange woman beside you in a strange hotel would you be :

- (a) Amazed or pleased ?.....Or both ?
- (b) Drunk ?.....
- (c) Married ?.....
- (d) Embarrassed ?.....
- (e) How would you get out of it ?.

* Half-a-dollar and a package of toothpicks (almost new) will be paid to the reader submitting the correct answer to this question. The half-a-dollar will be a cheque.

APPENDIX

PROBLEM VII

You are getting along fine on the Fuddle-Duddle system, in your apartment. Suddenly there comes a pounding on the door and a male voice says : “ You’ve got my wife in there ! ”

- (a) Would you admit it ?.....
- (b) Would you ask him his wife’s name ?
- (c) Would you care ?.....
- (d) Would you let him in ?.....
- (e) Are you *that* crazy ?.....
- (f) Has your place a rear exit ?.....
- (g) Don’t you wish there were ?.....

PROBLEM VIII

Now that you have finished this book :

- (a) Did you learn anything ?.....
- (b) Have you started practising yet ?
- (c) How’d you get on ?.....
- (d) Did you buy this book ?.....
- (e) Borrow it from a friend ?.....
- (f) How do you expect authors to live ?

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When stumped for an evening's entertainment and at a loss for lack of a subject try these numbers :*

Joan
Marie
Anne
Elsie
Sandra
Ysobel
Nita
Wilma
Lillian
Helen
Babe
Toots
Mildred
Tanya
Rose

** Publisher's Note :* On second thought it was deemed advisable to omit the actual telephone numbers as being "unfair" to the girls not listed. You may fill in your own numbers.

Author's Note : Yah-h-h-h. . . you swiped them yourself !

Editor's Note : They were lousy ! Half the dames had moved.

Printer's Note : You said it !

